ALL KINDS OF SPORT

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 127. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING APRIL 8TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 127. WEEK ENDING APRIL 8TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

WHEN CORNERED

YOU OUGHT TO REMEMBER—

That a hard half-arm jab with your walking-stick in a hooligan's "wind" is often more telling than a punch with your fist on his jaw.

* * *

That a rough's favourite mode of attack is to bend down and seize your feet with the object of pulling you over; and

* * *

That the thing to do in such a case is to give him a crack on the jaw with your *knee* as he stoops down.

* * *

That a hooligan never hunts "on his own." You can be sure that he has several pals lurking in convenient proximity.

* * *

That if a rough gets you by the throat and tries to throttle you, the only thing to do is to press the first and second fingers of either hand right into his eyeballs. Then he is bound to let go.

"COMING BACK."

WHAT THIS BOXING TERM MEANS.

"Coming back" is a newly-coined phrase, of which the sporting public has heard a great deal lately; and its actual meaning is not, perhaps, too easily gathered. A boxer is said to "come back" when after one, or a series of defeats, he manages to reinstate himself on his former pedestal by means of a victory, either over the most doughty of his previous victors, or else over some pugilist who is recognised to be superior to any who has yet beaten him.

A man's fighting form changes from time to time, and one defeat does not necessarily prove that he has lost his talent.

The boxing world was agog, not long ago, in its anxiety to know whether Jim Jeffries could come back, but here it was disappointed. Poor Jim only slipped farther away.

But two great boxers have "come back" in surprising fashion only quite recently in London. The first is Gunner Moir, who, after a series of defeats, "came back" by beating Bombardier Wells at Olympia; and the second, strangely enough, is Bombardier Wells himself, who "came back" in his turn from his defeat by Moir by beating Dan ("Porky") Flynn after a game fight of twenty rounds in the same ring.

By the way, Mr. Inch, who not long ago took Wells's physical training in hand, must be a proud man just now.

CHEEK.

"Sale of Standard Bread," shouts a contemporary. A customer at last!

* * *

The "round, flat bath" has evoked the praises of a writer. To be followed, presumably, by a solid, square meal.

* * *

New York society, they say, is trying to "bridge the social chasm" between rich and poor. From what one reads of their doings, this sounds like sar-chasm.

* * *

"What makes a motor-man!" asks a lively newspaper. I don't think anything could do it. No motor would do such idiotic things as many a man is capable of.

* * *

Sixteen quarts of brown ale a day was the regular tipple of a drover who reached the age of 106 years. And temperance-reformers say that it killed him!

* * *

A newspaper for servants has now come along. Thank goodness! Now we shall be able to find the "Times" when we want it.

* * *

Some scientist has just discovered that a cat and dog plague is rampant in London. Had he lived in Bloomsbury he might have found this out forty years ago.

* * *

For calling out "hat! hat!" because a lady's headgear shut out his view of the preacher, a man has been fined £8. This little luxury was nothing like so expensive as the hat itself.

* * *

A cook-scientist says that if cooked in a paper bag a joint does not shrink. But I find the worst shrinkage after the joint has reposed in my landlady's larder for half a day.

* * *

"Operation at sea," says a contemporary's headline. Well, let's be thankful it was not the operator.

* * *

Humble and respectful suggestion to Mr. Haldane, which he might, if necessary, put before the House:—Why not cross the army carrier pigeons with parrots? It might then be possible for them not only to carry messages but also to deliver them verbally.

* * *

We're all in for it this year. Every man who makes his fortune will say it was because of the Coronation. Every man who goes bankrupt will say "ditto." It has begun already.

* * *

After ten years of experimenting with the dry fly a writer has produced a book about it. The book is by no means as dry as the fly.

TOUCHANGO.

BILLIARD BENEFITS.

THE MERITS OF THE GAME.

People who condemn billiards generally do so in ignorance of the real facts. Because some fools and ne'er-do-weels make of billiards an opportunity for betting and drinking, they imagine that these vices are inseparable from the game. Nothing, of course, could be farther from the truth. Boozing and gambling spoil billiards as they spoil any other sport or game.

Billiards in itself is a splendid game, for it trains the hand and eye, exercises the brain as well as the body, teaches a man to control his temper, and success is only to be won by perseverance and clean-living.

Billiards is particularly good training for rifle-shooting, or any sport calling for a clear eye, a steady hand, and a delicate touch.

Paderewski, the famous pianist, is a great billiard player, for he finds in it not only needed mental relaxation, but a sure way of keeping his hands "in training."

ENTERING A STABLE.

A FEW TIPS.

How many men know how to enter a horse's stable properly? The following hints may be useful to some men who have newly entered into possession of an equine companion and who—like most of us—are not too well acquainted with the vagaries of the horsey temperament.

Never—especially after dark—enter a horse's stable or loose-box without saying a few cheery and assuring words. Then your horse will know you, for, unlike a dog, he recognises his acquaintances better by their voice than by their tread. Thus you will obviate any possibility of his lashing out.

Always go up to his head first, if possible, and give him a pat on the neck. Horses hate to be approached from behind.

The reason why stablemen chew straws is that they must not smoke in stables for fear of fire. *Verb. sap.*

On leaving a stable, too, you have often to be very careful, for some horses—and especially mares—are apt, on seeing you about to leave, to turn their heads quickly and bite you. Some, indeed, are so bad in this way that their owners and attendants have to walk out backwards, like a trainer out of a lion's-den.

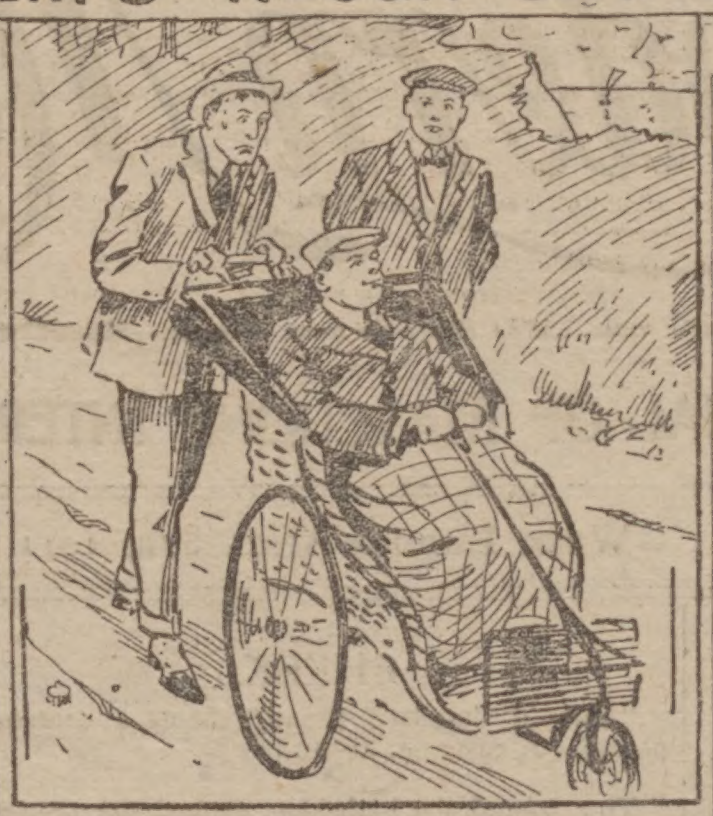
And even if the horse is not restive, it is always advisable, on leaving, to pass your hand caressingly from his head, along his back, right up to his tail.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

CHINNERY'S ROUGH DIAMOND

By

F. Proctor Watson.



"Stingaree" Clavering and I, as has oft been recorded, were prone to make the acquaintance of very disreputable people. One of the most cheerful weeks of our lives was spent in the company of an absconding bigamist, and among our good times was that to which we always refer as the Stulkley period.

Stulkley, as most of you will remember, was the maniac who lived in a great country hall tended only by a couple of aged retainers. He was crazy over billiards and always insisted on presenting us with a half-crown apiece every time he beat us.

How bad our billiards was then! It was not until a lunacy commission had removed him from over there that "Stingaree" and I recovered our old form. But after the Stulkley period wise old Chinnery, our mentor, finally decided to take us in hand. Already he had assumed charge of our morals. It seemed good to him now to act as censor to our acquaintances.

He did not favour us with a particularly long lecture. He dismissed the waiter with a plain statement to the effect that we had proved ourselves unfit to make even casual friendships when not under his paternal glare. We had neglected to inquire into the antecedents of these people. We had made close pals of men who had served us no further than giving us a match went. Ex-convicts, as far as we were concerned, had only to ask the name of our sock-makers to become our particular chums.

That (said Chinnery) was all very well for us. But as we were his friends, it reflected very grievously upon him. He had a position in the workaday world to keep up, even if we had not, and so on and so forth.

"Stingaree," I remember, started to argue. But we could not dance the semblance of a dialectical ring around Chinnery that day. He finally placed the celery in the glass by saying that we could choose between the disreputable acquaintances and him.

It is here that I must modestly observe that we were not entirely mad. We were all sorrow at once. We would never do it again. The captain of a sailing vessel takes particular care not to lose his anchor. For our part, "Stingaree" and I were not for dispensing with ours.

As friends we were practically inseparable. Chinnery was a doctor's dispenser, and it was only his profession that kept us apart for a few hours per diem.

At that time "Stingaree" and I toiled not neither did we spin anything but yarns. That is how we got into the afore-mentioned bad company.

For three days we walked about, taking an interest merely in the well-cultivated flora and fauna of the district. And each morning we reported ourselves at Chinnery's surgery at one o'clock for the purpose of seeing each other home to dinner.

It was on the third evening that Chinnery introduced us to his selected acquaintance. This was a man on a cycling tour in our district. He had fallen off his bicycle and slightly injured his leg. Chinnery had sounded him while he awaited the arrival of the doctor, and found him, as he described him, "a thoroughly decent chap—nothing to look at, but a rough diamond."

We met this gentleman that afternoon along the Parade. He was taking the air in a bath-chair, having chosen this method of keeping the injured leg rested. A bath-chair man of dismal appearance was pushing him along.

Chinnery with a flourish of his hand (in which there was twopence), dismissed the bath-chair man to await our return in an adjacent public-house. Chinnery took his place at the rear of the bath-chair, and as that vehicle had evidently not been oiled for years "Stingaree" and I got a lot of fun out of the change. The rough diamond, who had the appropriate name of Spillings, did not allow us to get in a word edgeways. We gathered that he was staying in our midst for another three days. Chinnery arranged that we should meet him the next morning, when Chinnery himself would be unable to accompany us.

Now, far be it from me to suggest that Mr. Spillings was a dull companion. Mr. John Burns would probably have appreciated him immensely. After a lengthy discourse on the Houses and Town Planning Act as applied to workmen's dwellings, he went on to discuss the work of Municipal Sanitary Committees, introducing a side issue as to the merits of closed or open dust-bins.

We could, perhaps, have borne with all this had the dismal bath-chair man been spared to us; but Mr. Spillings had dismissed him at an early stage of the proceedings, and graciously accorded the post of honour at the back of the bath-chair to "Stingaree" Clavering, on whose big nose drops of perspiration were standing out like early morning dew on a dock leaf.

This would have been most amusing to me had I not known that "Stingaree" was spending his time seeking how he could transfer the position to me. When he had succeeded in this fell desire, "Stingaree" became a walking guide-book in his knowledge of local beauty spots. Mr. Spillings and he enthused over the artistic scenery in all the surrounding country; they talked of sunrises out of the sea and sunsets over the river. And then—I knew they would come to it in time—"Stingaree" standing up bravely for his native land being superior to all, declaimed that for seascape the view from the highest point in our district, the Race Hill, could not be touched on a fine day with the sea sparkling under the sun. He said he should feel that he had not done his town justice if that view were not exhibited to the stranger within our gates.

The "rough diamond" in his easy manner voted we should go up that hill. . . . When we reached the top "Stingaree" very unkindly held the bath-chair from slipping back while I wrung the perspiration from my handkerchief.

I think that for once the gorgeous prospect from that hill failed to rouse any noble feelings in me. I was not a god on the Olympian Mount. I was a man of the most ordinary clay—very dry clay at that, too.

When we got down to the level again I tried to emulate "Stingaree" by extolling the old oak carving in a cool shades bar just off the parade. But it was as I expected. Our rough diamond made it a rule never to go into public-houses except in cases of sudden illness. Wherefore, with parched lips and lobster-like aspect, I had perforce to propel the creaking nightmare of a Sailors' Home fife band on wheels along the parade.

Naturally, all our most particular girls persisted somehow in appearing upon the parade—and no man looks an infinitesimal fragment like a hero when he is pushing a bath-chair. Finally, I got our friend up to Chinnery's surgery. There I relinquished the chair to Chinnery, who was quite keen on pushing Mr. Spillings back to the public-house, where we had left the depressed bath-chairman.

"Stingaree" and I were fully repaid for all our toil when, to our immense delight, we discovered that the low-spirited custodian of the "Matlock hansom" was sublimely drunk, head down over a pool of gin-induced tears. Chinnery had been so keen at the outset that we could not think of robbing him of the pleasure of pushing his rough diamond home.

Owing to an arrangement made *en route* by Chinnery, however, we were unable to get out of offering to supply the place of the defective trundler that afternoon.

"Stingaree" saved the doleful situation by inspanning a bogus attack of indigestion just outside the shrine of our favourite goddess. The Boots, who could "savvy" to the flicker of an eyelid when it was tipped him by us, came out splendidly in the assisting-the-poor-invalid act. The tender inquiries he made regarding the stricken "Stingaree's" internal organs were most artistic, and it was no asset to me that I was behind the bath-chair. The acting was too superb for levity! A *crème de menthe*, however, did wonders for "Stingaree," and, stoically enough, he was careful to show no signs of his alleged indisposition to "the most gentlewomanly maid-of-the-bar in all the county." She was always the essence of pleasant manners that girl, and a conversation with her was even like unto a cool spray on a heated brow. "Stingaree" and I both stood sadly in need of this class of reviving after pushing that bath-chair for seeming miles. But "Miss Mary" (by that name it was our habit respectfully to address her) paid not one small piece of attention to us.

She sent the coffee-room waiter into the drawing-room for cushions. She propped Mr. Spillings up with them; she patted the cushions with her pretty hands, and (we had to attribute the hideous grinding of "Stingaree's" teeth to a defective window catch) she finished up by lightly patting Mr. Spillings on his awful face.

After that she spoke to no one but Mr. Spillings. She started sympathetically to discuss Town Planning with him. When "Stingaree" and I left, unnoticed, in disgust, they had got as far as weighing up the relative merits of mullioned or sashed windows, window-seats, or oaken "cosy corners" in pretty country houses, such as are the ideal homes for newly-married couples.

Next day the brute had sufficiently recovered to hobble down town without our assistance, thus making himself more of a hero than ever in the eyes of Miss Mary. However, as "Stingaree" said, we knew at least how to avoid him. The method was, as you will admit, very simple. All we had to do was to refrain from looking in at the hallowed lounge where our Miss Mary, in the intervals of opening small bottles, did dainty crochet work, or exploited her peerless profile by gazing pensively at an ancient portrait of Lady Hamilton, of whom flatterers assured her she was the living image.

That night, on behalf of self and partner, "Stingaree," in his turn, spoke plainly to our mutual friend, Chinnery, for that very worthy young man had seen fit to reproach us because we had made no appointment to meet Mr. Spillings on the following morning.

"My dear chap," said "Stingaree," "in future we intend to treat all your 'rough diamonds' as they should be treated."

Chinnery fell into the trap.

"Now that's what I like to hear," he said heavily.

"Yes," said "Stingaree" grimly. "We're going to cut 'em."

THE CROWN JEWELS MYSTERY.

LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT.

The recent action by a firm of stockbrokers against Lord Ronald Sutherland-Gower has revived public interest in the mystery of the theft of the Crown Jewels at Dublin, owing to the fact that Mr. Francis R. Shackleton, who was intimately concerned in the action mentioned, was Dublin Herald at the time of the disappearance of the Crown Jewels.

In the course of his summing-up, the judge, Mr. Justice Darling, made some rather caustic references to the Dublin affair and Mr. Shackleton; but it is fair to point out that no accusation has ever been made against Mr. Shackleton of being concerned in the robbery, at the time of which he was abroad.

The identity of the persons concerned in the robbery still remains, so far as the public is concerned, a mystery. Indeed, mystery is too strong a word to apply to the Crown Jewels scandal, for it is to some extent a *secret de polichinelle*.

The true facts of the theft are known to a good many people, ourselves included, but for reasons of State it is unlikely that they will ever be revealed—or, at least, not until certain persons are dead.

NO PROPER INQUIRY.

Some light, however, may be shed on this dark affair without overstepping discretion.

First of all, it is very necessary to point out that in what follows no imputation whatsoever is made or intended against Sir Arthur Vicars, who was Ulster King of Arms at the time of the occurrence, and in common with other officials was relieved of his post.

Sir Arthur Vicars was an absolutely innocent party, whose only mistake was in trusting men whom he should not have trusted, and in unwittingly appointing as his officers men who, for grave reasons, should not have been appointed.

It is necessary, however, to mention Sir Arthur Vicars, because part of the mystery is concerned with the refusal of the authorities to grant Sir Arthur Vicars the full and searching investigation he demanded.

Certainly a Commission sat on the affair, but they confined themselves to a side issue and carefully avoided that line of inquiry which would have revealed everything. Why?

Well, the Crown Jewels robbery was a scandal within a scandal.

A NEST OF WICKEDNESS.

At the nature of the latter affair we can only hint by saying that, had the truth come out, Society on both sides of the Irish Channel would have been convulsed by a scandal similar to that which a year or two ago convulsed the German Court.

Now although he was altogether ignorant of their real character, some of those who were officially associated with the Ulster King of Arms were implicated in this moral horror, and when the robbery took place rumour was busy with Sir Arthur Vicars' name as belonging to this band of moral lepers.

A full inquiry would have completely exonerated Sir Arthur Vicars of this odious charge, but the authorities dared not grant it, for then the whole truth would have come out, and some of the proudest names in British Society would have been laid in the mire.

Similar reasons deterred the authorities from arresting the actual thieves, whose identity was and is perfectly well known, though we must not even hint at it.

Greed was not the sole motive of the robbery; but here again we must be silent as to the real motives lying behind this dark and complex crime.

Is it not significant, however, that, although the jewels have never been recovered, and although nearly three years have elapsed since they were stolen, no steps have been taken to replace them?

The explanation is that the jewels have not been broken up and disposed of piecemeal. They are in existence, intact, and the authorities still hope to recover them without a scandal.

THE PRICE.

There is a price on them—a heavy price. Some time ago a wealthy Irish peer offered to ransom the jewels on condition of being made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland when Lord Aberdeen retires. The offer was refused, chiefly because its acceptance would have led to serious trouble with the Irish nobility, with whom the peer in question is unpopular.

That, however, is a side issue, but the Irish Crown Jewels are still in existence, and their whereabouts is known.

The thieves are safe, because they have it in their power to blast the honour of more than one great family.

W. F.

"CRANKS."

THREE OBJECTIONABLE TYPES.

One meets with cranks in every phase of life. There is the man who walks about the streets of London without a hat, and who proudly asserts that he is a member of the "no hat brigade."

Whether he belongs to that noble organisation because he fancies that he is the possessor of a beautiful head, which will delight the heart of a passing artist, or whether it is to save the money that he would otherwise spend on caps or hats, as the case may be, is best known to himself.

It is all very well at the seaside or in the country to stroll along the promenade or through the fields minus a hat, but when you see a man in the streets of London, on a wet day, walking about without a hat, and yet holding an umbrella over his head, you first pity him as someone who is mentally deficient, and then you realise that he is merely a crank, and you feel annoyed that you have wasted your sympathy upon him.

Then there is the vegetarian crank, who thinks that killing animals to provide food for human beings is a barbarous practice.

He invites you to lunch with him, tells you to choose what you like from the menu, and you order the usual lunch of meat and vegetables. When your lunch appears, however, you heartily wish that you had ordered something else, for all the time you are eating it he is preaching you a sermon on the inhuman methods by which your food has been obtained, until you begin to regard yourself as nothing more nor less than a murderer, and you would not be surprised if every piece of meat that you picked up on your fork were to shout at you. Thank goodness when that lunch is over.

But these two types prove minor trials to the average man when compared with the crank who fancies that he is the happy possessor of all the ills that flesh is heir to, and who on meeting you persists in describing to the minutest detail, the symptoms of the various diseases as he experiences them, and the numerous remedies that he has tried.

He is always a pessimist, and when he meets a man who looks as though he found life worth living he starts to pitch his tale of woe, and you begin to think that, after all, there really is a good deal of misery in the world, and your own outlook on life becomes darker. Beware of him!

Victor F. Brown.

THE DAY OF THE MOTOR.

UP-TO-DATE AT THE LITTLE COUNTRY STATION.

Time was, and not so long ago either, when our little station was at certain times of the day the gathering ground of as varied a collection of horsed vehicles as could be seen in any day's march.

Feeding a wide rural district, with many houses of the "quality and gentry" round about, there was a constant coming and going of travellers of the wealthy sort, in addition to the innumerable short-distance travellers to and from the next stations and the country town.

At certain hours of the day in the wide road space outside the railings that enclosed the station flower-beds there was quite a museum of vehicles. The cockaded coachman in fur cape and top-boots was there with his fly to await "his lordship."

The farmer, in all his interesting variety of personality, and with all his various sorts of vehicles, formed a strong contingent. The quiet, private resident, living a retired rural life, could be seen with his pony-trap; the smart turn-out of the man who always drove himself home at night, his man taking the seat beside him, was always an object of interest and remark.

There was even an occasional donkey and tub to carry the parson's lady and her child back to the neighbouring vicarage.

Indeed, the station-yard became a sort of museum in which every type of man and every kind of vehicle was always to be found.

There was plenty of talk and friendly chattering from box to box while the train tarried far away; and then at last there was much saluting and scurrying as one by one the vehicles drew out again and were scattered over the countryside.

This was always an attractive sight. Now? The trap is the exception. The horse is displaced; and when a farmer does happen to drive up he is perforce obliged to draw into any side space that may be left to him.

For the all-conquering motor has driven the older vehicles off the road. There is no gathering in the station-yard now.

Half a minute before the train is due there is a humming and rattling of engines and gears and brakes, and the great cars swing round under the bridge. A man in uniform jumps from each, opens the door of the car to admit its owner, covers his master's feet with a heavy rug, and off again the car goes with a rattle and a puff of petrol fume behind as if in contempt for the very train itself.

The few older vehicles shrink from competition for place with these lords of the highway. They wait till the last of the "new-fangled" things has snorted up the hill and round the corner that leads back over the railway-bridge.

Then they draw meekly up to the little station entrance, collect their human freight or their parcels from the booking-office, and go off at a leisurely pace and with no flourish when the road is clear.

When the first motor-car ventured into the quiet and open station-yard there was something like a stampede among the assembled horses. They could make nothing of the noisy thing, and one and all became agitated to an alarming degree.

Coachmen, farmers, and other horse-drivers being then in the majority, would throw unmerciful chaff at the lonely motor driver, and would advise him to "take puffing billy home" or to "sell that old pram."

But these times, for our little station, and for many another little station, have gone for ever. The memory of their informal homeliness is pleasant, and some of us genuinely regret their departure.

M. Bruce.

ARMY SCENES

SOME FURTHER REMINISCENCES.

By "CHINSTRAP."

There seems to have been a bit of a "scene" at a certain mess-table at Aldershot the other day. So far as one can gather, some young officers, from "chipping" each other, got to throwing the crockery about, and ended by pretty well clearing the mess-table.

The "frolic" is like to cost them dear, for, apart from the fact that the usual mess rule is that you have to pay six times the value of any wilful damage done to mess property, certain inquisitive members of Parliament have got hold of the affair, and are asking questions, and probably a mountain will be made out of a comparative mole-hill.

Not that I am defending the sort of "ragging" that appears to have taken place on this occasion, but it is sure to be made the most of by those friends of every country but their own, and fuel will be added to the smouldering fire of resentment lit in the hearts of Army officers by the often most unfair and carping criticism to which they are subjected in Parliament and the Press.

The Englishman, of course, hates a "scene" as much as a Frenchman loves one, and Army officers are no exception to this rule. Indeed, they have particular reason for disliking "scenes," for awkward questions of discipline become involved. A "quarrel, fray, or disorder" is one of the few occasions when it is not only the right but the duty of a junior officer to place under arrest senior officers creating the disturbance.

EMBARRASSING EMOTION.

Nevertheless, if I have always carefully avoided "scenes," I have seen some in my time.

I have seen a full-blown major burst into tears in the middle of dinner, and stalk from the room, remarking, between sobs, that he had been twenty years in the regiment, but never had he thought to live to be insulted in his old age.

Although I was sitting next him—I was so astonished that I nearly fell out of my chair—I do not recollect the precise cause of his emotion. So far as I remember, however, he and the second-in-command—who was as nice a fellow as you could meet when sober, but a holy terror in his cups—had started chaffing each other until the second-in-command lost his temper, suddenly became the senior officer, and said things he ought not to have said.

Personal violence is, of course, extremely rare, but still, when you get some twenty to thirty men living together under one roof, antipathies are almost bound to exist. As a rule they are kept under, but now and then some chance spark will fire the train, and there is an explosion.

THE ADJUTANT ROUSED.

When I joined there was, for reasons I know not, a strong antipathy between the Adjutant and another subaltern of about his own standing.

The Adjutant was a very powerful man, and one night after dinner something, I know not what, passed between him and his enemy.

Like a flash the Adjutant sprang upon him, seized him and shook him as a terrier might shake a rat, and then, heaving him up, flung him right across the room against the wall, whence he fell senseless and bleeding.

The Colonel at the first sign of trouble had slipped out of the room, and the rest of us pretended not to be aware that anything unusual had happened.

The wounded man eventually picked himself up, and, to give him his due, affected to treat the affair as a joke.

He was thoroughly cowed and frightened, and I don't blame him, for if ever I saw murder glaring from a man's eyes I saw it in the Adjutant's eyes that night. I was very young at the time, and the "scene" made a deep and lasting impression on me.

It is characteristic of "scenes" that usually they come on as suddenly as a summer squall.

I remember when up in Matabeleland I was sitting in my tent, or rather apology for one, reading. Outside two young officers were talking, when suddenly I heard one say, "Take that, you something little cad!" and looking up I saw them going it, hammer-and-tongs, with their fists.

As I was senior to both of them, it was my duty to interfere, but we were in a deserted corner of the camp, so I promptly went to sleep with one eye open.

DUTY DONE.

When one of them had had enough—it was a very pretty "mill" while it lasted, which was a good five minutes—I woke up, descended upon them highly scandalised, and fined the winner drinks for "fighting in camp," and the loser drinks also for being in such rotten condition that he couldn't go three rounds.

Of ragging "scenes" I have witnessed no end, but almost without exception they were of a harmless nature, just good-humoured horse-play, and often an evidence of the popularity of the victim.

On one occasion, however, the proceedings were of a very serious nature.

A new subaltern had been given every chance, but appeared to be perfectly hopeless. He deliberately defied the mess rules, and things culminated at a big regimental guest-night, when, after drinking too much, he was violently ill over the mess table. This was rather more than we could stand, and something had to be done.

When the last guest had gone, he was court-martialled. This was no uproarious, joking "Subaltern's Court-martial," but a serious trial, with a senior captain sitting as president.

THE SENTENCE.

He was found guilty, of course, and given the choice between a whipping and sending in his papers.

To his credit he chose the former, and was severely caned.

This may sound like bullying and brutality, but from that night the youngster began to improve, and eventually became one of the most popular men in the regiment.

"Scenes" with or among the rank and file are very uncommon, though Guards regiments have rather a bad name for insubordinate outbreaks, but I remember seeing a mutinous private had up in the Orderly Room make a sudden dash at the C. O. and succeed in overturning his table.

Once on parade, too, I saw a man throw down his rifle and announce in a short, but picturesque, speech that he was "fed up" with everybody and everything.

Though perhaps scarcely coming under the heading of "scenes," it is rather exciting when your commanding officer comes drunk on parade, and has to be carried off again.

CONVERSATIONAL ERRORS.

SMALL POINTS THAT BETRAY "BREEDING."

By conversational errors I do not mean so much grammatical mistakes as those little faults of speech which distinguish the ill-bred from the well-bred man. Still, a word may be said about grammatical errors.

A very common one is to say "Between you and I." This is not only grammatically wrong, but is often the mark of an imperfectly educated person who is pretending that he is better than he is.

He has heard that it is grammatically wrong to say "It's me," that, strictly speaking, you should say "It is I."

As a matter of fact, many well-bred people do not say "It is I," for such correctness in ordinary conversation savours of pedantry, and a well-bred man, being natural in everything, does not stop to pick and choose his grammar when in the company of his friends.

The man, however, who says "Between you and I," is trying to be extra "genteel." He thinks that "Between you and me" is as incorrect as "It's me," and thus exposes not only his ignorance, but a certain snobbishness of character.

There is no need to think the less of a man because he sometimes mispronounces a word, but it is as well to remember that your idea of correct pronunciation may itself be wrong.

Above all things, never correct a man for a mispronunciation, real or fancied.

Some men, in such a case, have a trick of re-introducing the doubtful word, and pronouncing it correctly, or as they think is correct. This is bad manners. A well-bred man in such circumstances would avoid bringing in the word again, or, if he had to do so, would pronounce it in the same way as the other man.

Turning now to those habits of speech which differentiate the gentleman and the man who is not "quite the thing," more mistakes are made over the use of the terms "lady" and "gentleman" than in any other direction. The lower you go in the social scale, the greater is the insistence on "lady" and "gentleman."

I daresay some of you will remember *Punch's* delightful picture, representing a scene in a hatter's shop.

A "pucca" swell has returned to complain of a hat previously purchased.

"Was it the gentleman over there who served you, sir," says the assistant.

"No, it was the nobleman in the whiskers over there," was the reply.

Most of you, I expect, are familiar with the servant who leaves your rich aunt shivering on the doormat while she comes to tell you that there is a woman wants to see you, but who, when the washerwoman calls in answer to your complaints about your shirts and collars, announces that there is a lady in the drawing-room waiting to see you.

Theatrical musicians or choristers are "Gentlemen of the orchestra," or "ladies and gentlemen of the chorus." Your barber says that he will send a "gentleman" to attend to you.

Well-bred people, on the other hand, rarely use the terms "lady" and "gentleman."

They do not say of a man that he is "a nice gentleman," but that he is "a nice man" or "a good sort," and they say of a lady that she is a "charming woman," or a "charming girl."

Beware also of constant repetition of a person's name.

Nothing sounds worse or is more ill-bred than to say "Mrs. So-and-So" or "Mrs. This-and-That" at the beginning or end of every sentence.

On the other hand, if you wish to attract a person's attention it is correct to address him by his name.

Never in any circumstances address a young lady as "Miss"—I mean without adding her surname. To do so is either to put yourself in a position of inferiority, or to put her in one, by speaking to her as if she were a barmaid or a waitress.

E. H. HILL.

HEDGED IN

WHEN THE ROADSIDE GARDEN BECOMES HABITABLE AGAIN.

One of the pleasantest times of the year is at hand for lovers of gardens. Spring, of course, has charms for all, and for the amateur gardener especially, but it has peculiar charms also for those who seek a secluded life, and who, without necessarily being gardeners, are fascinated by gardens.

A great deal more than half the pleasure of any garden is lost if it is not a garden where one can live without being overlooked. The most beautiful of flowers, the best arrangement of lawns and shrubs, and shady trees, and summer-houses cannot complete a garden and make it really habitable if there is no, or only little, seclusion.

Retirement and privacy are of the essential spirit of every good garden. To feel that you are taking your ease, lounging in long easy deck-chairs, or swinging gently in a hammock, or even on your back upon the grass, in the sight of all and sundry who happen to pass, is not conducive to restfulness.

No casual passer-by hesitates to look long and straight, even brazenly, into a stranger's garden. I hold that no man has a right to stare into another's window, and I am not sure that one has any right but that of rudeness—nowadays a virtue with some—to roam a stranger's garden with one's eyes. One might as well walk in and inspect it through and through.

OVERLOOKED.

Such being the way of the world, however, we must take things as we find them, and take what steps are possible to neutralise the inconvenience. Most of us nowadays live in houses facing a busy, or at least a fully inhabited, road. We represent one of hundreds of households, and probably our gardens are much the same in shape and size as those of all our neighbours.

We are therefore overlooked from the front and overlooked from behind, to say nothing of the view from the houses on each side. What-ever privacy we enjoy must be obtained chiefly through the pleasing and welcome intervention of foliage.

Blessed are hedges. The making and nurture of a good hedge gives scope for the exercise of many qualities and of much knowledge. But without being experts we can all take care of such hedges as our gardens are blessed with, and appreciate the added charm which they contribute to the garden.

NOT A DIFFICULT JOB.

A good deal can be done by the very beginner in gardening to make the hedges an additional advantage to a garden. And just now it is especially desirable that they should be attended to.

The accumulations of leaves and dead vegetation of all sorts should be well raked out. The base of the hedge should be just cleaned and hoed; means, however simple, should be found to enable water to drain away readily, and protection and encouragement should be extended to any efforts at fuller growth, especially in the lower parts of the hedge.

The tops may be allowed, within the limits of regular clipping, to take care of themselves. They will probably flourish. The lower portion, however, is often skimpy, irregular in thickness, full of gaps, and unsightly in consequence.

Moreover—and this is a very important matter, especially to those who live in thickly populated neighbourhoods—it is through these lower openings that dogs will force their destructive way and will race in and out to the ruin of flowers and your own temper. But dogs will be dogs, and they must be prevented from taking these excursions out of bounds.

Many a time have I seen a dog scramble through a hedge, stay a moment or two in a strange garden, and then with a snort of contempt scrape half the flowers out of the earth with his hind legs, and go scampering off.

If your hedge is thin near the ground it will save you much tribulation if you buy a little wire netting about two and a half feet high, and pin it down as near to the hedge as possible. Dahlia stakes make excellent and neat supports for it. Even the skulking cats will be inclined to leave your garden alone if such an obstruction is placed in the way of their amorous ambulations.

SECLUSION.

Day by day it will be a pleasure to you to watch the gradual shutting out of the view across the road. Each new bud that opens will be an extra screen between you and the public eye, and before you have realised it, the garden that was open to the gaze of all the world, and where privacy was unknown, will become a small but secluded nook, into which no casual passers-by can stare, and you will be able to enjoy the cool of the evening or the heat of the day shut out from the surrounding world.

C. B. Stainer.

BOXING SECONDS.

The rules of boxing state most distinctly that during a round a man's seconds shall not attempt to advise him or to communicate with him in any way either by spoken word or signal, but this rule is constantly broken and ignored.

At almost every boxing contest you will see the seconds signalling to their man, imitating the upper cuts or other blows they want him to try. Of course, it is not once in a blue moon that the boxer sees the antics of his seconds, for very rarely does he dare to take his eyes off his opponent.

Still the rule is there, and should be observed.

When a man is knocked down, you will hear his seconds calling to him to "stay down," or "get up" according to circumstances.

The other night at a big contest one man was nearly knocked out, and as he rose on the ninth second his seconds called to him to "walk round," *i.e.*, to keep away from his opponent.

This was sound advice, which he promptly followed, and thus managed to recover himself, but, had he not been so advised, he might have tried to mix things and met his doom.

Of course, between the rounds seconds may advise their man as much as they like, and it is often they who determine the plan of campaign, for as onlookers they frequently see more of the game than does the principal.

"ENGAGED."

HOW A MAN'S OUTLOOK CHANGES.

It is wonderful how the fact of becoming engaged to be married alters a man's outlook.

His first feeling is usually one of intense surprise. He may have pretty good reason for supposing that his proposal was likely to be favourably received, yet acceptance generally leaves him a little dazed, sometimes altogether "knocked out."

He soon realises, however, that the world has changed for him, and that relations between him and other men are not just what they were.

They are but sinners groping in the darkness—I am alluding here to his bachelor pals—he has found the light. Occasionally—indeed, I should be inclined to say frequently—he takes himself and his engagement too seriously. I can quite understand and sympathise with the feelings of the newly-engaged man who suddenly finds the smoking-room stories that formerly would have made him grin, grown most distasteful, who grows hot with anger when he hears woman lightly spoken of, and feels that his old pals are soulless, material clods, who know nothing of the higher and better things of life.

At the same time this virtuous attitude can easily be carried to excess, and in his new-found austerity the engaged man is apt to be a bit of a nuisance.

He is sometimes like the reformed soaker who goes about boasting aggressively how much better he feels without the beastly stuff.

Still, engagement does make a tremendous difference to a man. It steadies him, if ever he is to be steadied. Assuming him to be an average man to whom questions of ways and means are of some importance, money takes on a new significance.

Formerly, it was only a means of procuring him amusements or necessities. He had something of contempt for it, and he spent it recklessly to demonstrate this feeling. Now he groans when he thinks of the pounds chucked away on theatres, music-halls, dinners, and "nights out" in general. Here, again, he is apt to overdo it. Except when "she" is with him he takes to lunching at tea-shops and to counting his coppers.

Wildly extravagant where "she" is concerned, he becomes parsimonious in other directions, and casts a disapproving eye at your expenditure. He tells you that by giving up cigars and drinks, except, perhaps, after dinner, he is saving some fabulous sum a year.

He thinks in furniture, and reckons money as representing dining-room suites, saddle-bag chairs, fire-screens, toast-racks, and so on.

He takes an extraordinary interest in his personal appearance, and begins to think of what "suits him." He, who formerly scoffed at such things, now considers anxiously whether his tie matches his hair or his eyes.

To judge from his conversation, one would sometimes imagine that no one had ever been engaged before. He is for ever making wonderful "discoveries" about his *fiancée*, and he is convinced that he thoroughly understands woman.

To the advice, the warnings, the chaff of pessimistic married men he pays no heed. It is all very well for them to talk, but they don't know "her." It is true that he roasted Jack or Jimmy unmercifully when they got engaged, but his case is different—not the same thing at all, old l'ller, she's a girl in a—— I will spare you.

Yet "With all thy faults I love thee still," engaged young man. It is good to see the new light in your eyes, to see you square your shoulders and throw your head back as you stride along thinking of her.

It is good to hear your sudden enthusiasm for all that is good and beautiful and true. Your conviction that she and you are the only two people in the world who matter is pleasing to me, for it is a good conviction to hold and to keep for so long as ever you can.

And so, dear boy, the Lord have mercy—I mean, God bless you!

L. T. Price.

THE CIRCUS PASSES

AN INSTITUTION THAT WE CANNOT AFFORD TO LOSE.

A circus passed our way the other day, and I took the "tribe"—that is, my numerous family. What with measles and whooping cough rampant in the district, there was some discussion as to the prudence of going among a crowd of children; but we need not have been afraid.

It was a typical Spring day, cold as the heart of the Arctic, with a heavy snowstorm falling. The hardiest and most malignant of germs must have got frost-bite in the icy blasts that swept through the swaying, billowing, great green tent.

There are, I believe, children who are bored by circuses and other entertainments, but, thank Heaven, mine are not built that way. They enjoyed themselves down to the ground, and so did their daddy.

EARLY MEMORIES.

Cherishing, as I did, memories of early circus-going, I feared disillusionment, but I need not have done so. I remembered how as a boy I used to fall in love with the lady riders—Miss Ernestine Rosa Cooke, your image is still imprinted on a susceptible heart—and to my great joy I found myself falling in love with them again—in a strictly platonic sort of way of course.

Leicester Alfred Cooke, a splendid horseman, used to fill me with a desire to do deeds of derring-do, and I felt the same old thrill when the "gentleman jockey" came cantering into the ring.

I still think that the man who can take a running jump on to a horse's back is a great chap. I envy and admire him. I daresay I might be disappointed if I met him in private life, but I am not so sure of that. There is a good deal that is tawdry about a travelling circus, but there is more that is wholesome and invigorating.

A HARD SCHOOL.

I fancy that when you meet a circus-rider you meet a sportsman. Theirs is a hard life, but it makes and keeps them human.

You know or have heard of Mr. Joseph Coyne, of "Merry Widow" fame, one of the lightest, brightest, and most human of comedians. As a boy he ran away from home to join a circus, staying with it several years. It was a hard life, a terribly hard life, he has told me, but "we learn in suffering what we teach in song." It was in the severe school of the sawdust ring that Joe Coyne acquired that touch of Nature with which he makes the whole world grin.

The clowns particularly impressed me. They were *clean*. How often at a pantomime does one not see the children looking wistfully up at the elders to know what they, the seniors, are laughing at.

PRIMITIVE HUMOUR.

But here the boot was on the other leg. I wished that I could shed the years and recover the child's infinite sense of humour, infinite capacity for innocent enjoyment. To the sophisticated the humours of the clowns might have appeared primitive, but I prefer to think of them as that highest form of art—the art which conceals art.

It is not easy to make children laugh. Be vulgar, artificial, forced for a moment, and the laughter dies still-born on their lips. But the big tent shook to volleys of the most delightful, the most inspiring laughter I ever heard in my life when "Pimpo" took the ring. Signor Pimpo, I salute you as a great artist.

And, my wig, how these children could sing! It would have done Mr. George Grossmith good to hear their rendering of "Yip-i-addy-i-ay." The song may be nonsensical, but when you hear about a thousand children singing it for all they are worth—well, it's exhilarating. That circus tent

was the most natural, human, electric place I have struck for a long time.

They tell me that the circus is passing, that the business is almost on its last legs. It is a great pity if this be so. The circus is an infinitely better entertainment for children than pantomime, music-hall, or picture theatre. It fills the boys with a desire to become bare-back riders, acrobats, and the like. That is good, for it makes them take a pride in their muscles and feats of skill.

LESSONS OF THE CIRCUS.

The lassies benefit, for they learn to admire manly, athletic men. The children benefit in general, because the circus interests them in animals, and the child who early learns to love animals is learning a valuable lesson.

So then, if you want a tonic, an exhilarating entertainment that is clean, wholesome, and instructive, take your youngsters or somebody else's youngsters, if you haven't any of your own, to the nearest circus you can find.

The circus deserves support; it is one of the few clean amusements for children that we have left, so let us do what we can to save it from passing into the limbo of obsolete things.

NORMAN FRASER.

FAMOUS ARMY SPORTSMEN.

The Army has produced many fine sportsmen and athletes who have won fame outside purely military circles. In first-class cricket the names of Colonel Wynyard, Major Poore, Major Turner, and Captain Greig at once occur to one.

At "Rugger," there is Dr. Greig, of the R.A.M.C., a great Scottish International; at golf, Captain Hutchison; at billiards, Major H. L. Fleming, who was at one time Lawn Tennis Champion of England.

Lieutenant Wyndham Halswell was, of course, a really great quarter-miler, while in boxing circles Colonel Edgeworth Johnstone is still remembered as a very fine Amateur Heavy-Weight Champion of England.

Colonel Spens was long in the front rank of racquet-players.

The rank-and-file have given us such cricketers as Bombardier Barton, who was at one time a prolific scorer for Hampshire, and Mr. A. D. Nourse, the South African, such "Soccer" forwards as Sergeant McGibbon, and such boxers as Gunner Moir and Bombardier Wells.

Sport may well be described as "the noble mimicry of war."

EARLY CLOSING DAY.

MAKING THE MOST OF EARLY SPRING.

Living on the outer fringe of the town it is difficult to see any difference in the business of the place as a rule. In our own hamlet the idea of a weekly half-holiday has not yet taken root. Why should it, indeed? One of our two shops is kept by an old woman who must be nearer seventy than sixty, and possibly nearer eighty than either. She probably does not feel the need of a change on Thursday afternoons.

The other shop is kept by two brothers, both almost aged men, to whom a half-day awheel or afoot is probably as much a matter of indifference as to the old lady.

So early-closing is not an event here. Indeed, early-closing is the rule, for both places are shuttered and silent by twilight every day, when such casual and small trade as either of them expects may be supposed to have been transacted or held over till the morrow.

As to the town, we are usually unaware, from October to March, that any cessation of business takes place during the week. The cause of this is that there is little or no sign along our quiet road of any change of routine.

But now, with longer days and lighter evenings, drier roads, and signs of a revival of growth in hedge and field, we are once a week reminded of the early-closing day.

All winter through the young men of the town's business-houses find ample occupation in the town itself. There are whist-drives, lectures, "smokers," theatrical events at the Assembly Rooms, which boast a big stage, visiting concert-parties, club meetings, football matches, boxing contests, and a variety of other events, which serve the purpose of keeping the youth of the town within its boundaries.

Judging from signs these attractions are losing their power, and a spirit of adventure on the open roads is attracting the shop-assistants cramped in behind counters and piles of merchandise.

From time to time, beginning about two o'clock in the afternoon, there is a straggling line of cyclists all making for the open country.

Many of them come in groups of from four to a dozen, representing the clubs that have their headquarters in the town. At times there are couples on foot, walking with the thorough enjoyment of the free man, yet with a sort of suspicion in their gait that the hour for return is all too rapidly approaching.

One could wish, for their sakes, that the afternoon were twice as long, but the hours are soon lost in twilight and the sun gets low in the west behind the still bare trees.

From the time that darkness falls till far towards midnight the cyclists return in straggling parties. Far down the road the many little lights dot the darkness, with here and there the brighter lamp of a motor-car.

They move towards us out of the darkness silently till within something less than half a mile, and then the faint sound of a song or chorus comes along the breeze.

They are pedalling slowly but steadily, singing as they go, the voices growing louder as they draw level, then fading slowly into the distance again.

Evidently they enjoy these first afternoon and evening rides of the opening year.

The disappointment that a sudden onset of rain can cause on an early-closing afternoon can only be fully understood by those who are most intimately concerned. A week of keen anticipation is wasted, plans made and re-made days ahead are frustrated, and all are rendered miserable beyond words by the sheer cussedness of things beyond their control.

M. BRUCE.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

TROOPER LOVE KERNAHAN'S GAME

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Sergeant Charles Gibson, of the Brermouth Cyclists, the honoured guest at all times of the members of Squadron "B" of the King's Own, pondered, with the air of a man on whose shoulders rests much responsibility, over some official typewritten documents. Accompanying these documents was a letter in the handwriting of his Captain and, in the terms in which one friend addresses another (they are very democratic off parade in all Blankshire units, and the result is efficiency on parade), the postscript asked whether Gibson could not fix up with the non-coms. of "B" Squadron for a little unofficial manœuvring in the early spring.

"On the lines of last year's little day out," Gibson quoted.

"Captain adds," he went on, "that I am most particularly to avoid the result being a love game in favour of Kernahan and Co."

"Nasty little double intender about that," Sergeant Hall commented, dropping an eye in Kernahan's direction—a Kernahan who jerked the corners of his mouth downwards with some significance.

The Sergeant-Major, stretched at his ease, favoured the company with the paternal glance that went before all his heaviest utterances.

"Really," he said, "you boys aren't fit to be let loose in the open country."

"Rot. It's always odds on us taking suitable cover," said someone. "Sergeant-Major. Remember that you were young yourself once and let loose south of Rangoon——"

"Five Burmese wives at eleven and six-pence apiece, wasn't it?" asked Kernahan innocently, referring to a stock yarn of the Sergeant-Major's.

"Ah," said the Sergeant-Major. "It's evident that you haven't studied up that little section:

"'Be to his faults a little blind,
Be to his virtues ever kind.'

"That applies nicely to harassed Squadron-Sergeant-Majors who have a lot of libellous young rips under them."

"Inaccurate," Trooper Carteret, a critic of these things, commented. "Anyway, it was meant for husbands."

"Well, what would you call a man with five Burmese wives?" asked Trooper Kernahan triumphantly, and the company echoed "Hear, hear!" with much heartiness. They gave a dig at their Sergeant-Major almost as much as that grand man himself.

"But talking about that 'double intender,'" said the Sergeant-Major, "I don't think I ever heard the rights of the case, and that makes it even betting it was something shady."

"Rot," said Carteret. "You were holiday-making with a lot of lawless Lancers at Canterbury. Think *we* didn't hear of your trying to start a little conversation with the Christopher Marlowe statue in the Cathedral Close at 12 g.m.? News like that is like the little Salvation Army. It goes a dam' long way."

"You surprise me," said the Sergeant-Major guardedly.

"Well, I'll surprise you some more," said Trooper Kernahan. "Ever heard of a Sergeant George Gay of that particular regiment of Lancers?"

"Dashed if he didn't tell me that our spring manœuvres were always carried out in the vicinity of his father's farm and then, even——"

The Sergeant-Major was evidently moved.

"You were fool enough to lower the dignity of this Squadron," said Trooper Kernahan stiffly, "by getting cherry-merry. Don't like the expression Brother George used, do you, Carteret? Yes, by getting cherry-merry in the company of some old Mess pals of a mere regular regiment. Scandalous, I call it. And there we were, the whole of your own Tenth Legion (of which you are utterly unworthy), doing our best to uphold *your* character, with the relations of this very Sergeant Gay, these simple country people ——"

"Maidens," Gibson corrected, archly.

"Well, maidens, then," Kernahan went on, fighting hard to keep up his tense expression and fearing he would burst every moment, "who naturally wondered what sort of chaps we could be to have a Sergeant-Major of yon drunken, abandoned militiaman's description."

He turned away to hide his emotion. And it was Carteret, his lips trembling a little, who rounded off the tirade.

"And it's you, 'Major," he said, "You who presume to give vent to such words as 'I don't think I ever heard the rights of the case. And that makes it even betting it was something shady.' . . . *You* to talk of shady things, you bloated, blue-nosed hidalgo—oh, hang it all I can't remember any more, but it's all be-yute-iful, be-yute-iful. Really, Sergeant-Major!"

He subsided, lobster-red with laughter that would be choked back no longer, into the generous folds of a large handkerchief.

"Most likely there was a woman in the case, too," Sergeant Hall, the one man who was not utterly doubled up at the spectacle of the perturbed Sergeant-Major, hinted darkly.

"Don't you pay any attention to 'em, 'M-Major," Sergeant Gibson spluttered. "'Half a jiff and I shall give 'em *right* away. They fairly shopped our little lot—the blighters! We were gettin' on nicely——"

"Hanged if you aren't the worst raconteur I ever heard," said Kernahan taking up the tale. "You were getting on nicely at *what*? What does that convey to our Sergeant-Major who was translating the Latin inscription on the Marlowe Statue at Canterbury? (I think you said it was Latin, Carteret?)"

"Yes. Marlowe would have made a fitting Sergeant-Major, too. Used to get fearfully soused, I'm told," said Carteret in parenthesis.

"It was like this, 'Major," Kernahan said. "You see, Gibson and I went out for a long country ramble one Sunday morning, and when we got about five miles from nowhere, it suddenly struck us that a glass of milk and a biscuit and cheese would go down better than anything."

"Quite right," Gibson echoed, "only it was Worthington I was thinking of, not milk. But don't you remember, 'K,' that there was not a sniff of even an off-licence house anywhere?"

"There!" said Kernahan deprecatingly. "When a man's mind does dwell on the product of the Alderney, you give him no credit. Well, anyhow, whatever brand of beer happened to be Gibson's fancy my stirrup-cup selection was milk. Gibson said there wasn't a shop anywhere that he knew of—born and bred a Blankshire man Gibson is too! Wasn't a shop anywhere, he said, when three fields away from us as we spoke was as pretty a farmhouse as a man could wish to see in a day's march!

"Treating it as a country where the inhabitants were friendlies, I worked out the procedure and applied it to the case of the farmhouse on the skyline, and that isn't such a muddy idea either when you're dealing with that uncertain animal, the Blankshire farmer. I collared a native who was yahooing crows and asked him the way to the farmhouse, also, you will note, Sergeant-Major, inquiring the character and disposition of the inhabitants. Native promptly advanced the theory that we should be all right if the yard dog didn't take a fancy to our bandages. (I think he was referring to our artistically-rolled mufti puttees). Also I gathered that we had done well to avoid crossing the fields. The old man, it seemed, was touchy about his precious wheat. (That's what I say, 'Major. Even our little tactical precautions aren't without their uses in every-day life.)"

"Throw away your books on etiquette and try a course under Professor Brighton in Squadron 'B,'" Gibson put in, dreamily. "Go on, Kernahan. We're all ears."

"You're all nose, old laddie—ought to have been a little Jew-boy. Well, Sergeant-Major, we were careful not to expose ourselves unduly to the fire of any sharp-shooters that might be lurking in the vicinity, and, keeping as well in cover as we might, we approached up the loke towards the backdoor of the farmhouse with caution, leaving a line of retreat open in case——"

"In case faithful Fido should move an objection," said Gibson, coarsely bringing Kernahan to earth again.

"However, we flattered him. Called him a good dog and suggested he should lie down. Then, when he had assured himself that Gibson wasn't a tramp or a felonious character, he turned his attention to a barnyard rooster and left us to go up by the tiled pathway to the back door.

"At this moment Gibson's courage failed him, and it was left to me to do the knocking. Doubtless he expected a fat domestic to appear, but we were greeted with a vision—a vision in light hair, the whitest of aprons, and hands that showed sort of early pink through what was evidently flour and cooking sleeves."

"Ah, those cooking sleeves," murmured Gibson, longingly. "What a girl, Kernahan, what a girl! In Surrey, Sussex, Kent, and Northamptonshire I've camped, to say nothing of the home-county, but never anything to come up to her as a sight for a cyclist's tired, dust-filled eyes. Never anything."

"Except her sister, Hazel," said Carteret, softly and earnestly.

"Except her sister, Dorothy," said Trooper Stephen.

"Except her sister, Nan," said Sergeant Hall, and, like the rest, relapsed into a reverie.

"Good—heavens!" said the Sergeant-Major, viewing the unheard-of spectacle of a Tenth Legion afflicted by the tender twilight feeling. "Good heavens!"

"Well, I told Bee—dam' good sport, Bee—just how we thirsted for a glass of milk. I didn't feel a bit bashful. She said her elder brother was a soldier. What name?

I ventured to ask her, and she said Gay—George Gay. Of course I remembered him. Used to be in 'A' Company of the old volunteers when I was quite a kid. That was lucky, too. Because the old man, who'd been knocking round the farm with a gun, turned up then and we were introduced as friends of George's—useful chap, George.

"That was good enough, although I gathered Brother George had 'gone for a soldier' against the paternal wish. The sisters were called up. We were introduced, and I can tell you, Sergeant-Major, old Gibson, and I were all right, even if somewhat worried by four visions in cooking sleeves all talking at once.

"We adjourned to the cool of the dairy. We all sat down to bread-and-cheese and milk, the old man insisting first of all in putting the merest dash of whisky in Gibson's and mine, and then he levanted. We wished him a very pleasant morning, and he told us to come again whenever we liked. Well, we spent the morning knocking about the farm down little leafy byways, through the budding orchard—Gibson and I, with two girls apiece!"

"Shame!" observed the Sergeant-Major.

"I tell you," Kernahan went on, "it was like—like an idyll. Didn't seem real, somehow—too old-world, too fresh, too good, and too unreservedly friendly. We told them all about our spring manœuvres, and they said they'd love to see us really in our war-paint on a field day. When we went away—what a tear-away that was, too—Gibson said he thought he could manage it.

"That was what led to the little strangeness between old G. and me. I put it to him that we didn't want to wheel half-companies or half-squadrons up in that direction. I pointed out that with two more friends we could be all the exhibition of war-paint that Beatrice and company would require. Charles didn't see how we were going to manage it unless he let himself get captured in the forthcoming Cyclists and 'B' Squadron day by Stephen, Hall and me, and he wasn't going to do that. We got a little bit at cross purposes over that. If the Hall Farm was to be anyone's preserve I stuck out for its being 'B' Squadron's. And then old G. weighed in with a socker. *We* couldn't get punctures and fall out for the purpose of exhibiting our war-paint to the fair ones. I think I rather wished I was a cyclist then, but I choked it back after a bit and it was precious little we said to one another going home to Brermouth, wasn't it, old G.?"

"Yes. Wonderful how a handful of women demoralise the friendship of comrades-in-arms," said Sergeant Gibson, largely.

"Well, on the day of our little tactical competition," Kernahan continued, "the Hall Farm country was placed right away in the possession of the army for which the cyclists were supposed to be filling their part as scouts, dispatch-bearers, and reconnoitrers. So we were ruled off it at the start. We hunted in fours under a non-com. as usual, keeping watch on all roads and vulnerable points where the enemy's outposts were likely to join us, the idea being to capture or put out of action as many as possible—but you know the sort of thing. Just the same as any other day out you've had with us, Sergeant-Major, except that the officers took no part except that of umpires, thus fostering the independent zeal of the men and making the non-coms. sweat for their own bally reputation."

"Enough to make anyone sweat with three chaps who hadn't got their mind one little bit on the business in hand," said Sergeant Hall reminiscently. "I had those bright sparks, Kernahan, Stephen and Carteret—all dying not to get more than artistically dusty. Quite shaky about taking a fence over pasture, they were, in case they damaged their maidenly beauty. I agree with K. of K., women spoil a soldier. And anyway it was a bit of odds against our being able to make the Hall Farm a point in the game."

"Not that our high and mighty non-commissioned Hossifer was against the little idea, somehow," said Kernahan, with meaning. "We tried all ways to get some excuse to ride up that Hall Farm loke, but the enemy were never obliging enough to lure us in that direction, even when we pushed them back a little.

"When, however, we captured a prisoner and he told us that Gibson with three men was lurking in the vicinity, it seemed good to me to suggest to our Brigadier-General Hall that we should fall back and let them come on. I rather suspected what would be his *petit jeu*—his little game.

"And, as I suspected, they did not take the chance they had of pushing on to Brermouth and victory. After a quarter of an hour had failed to show any signs of them, I suggested a strategic circular movement to that loke. . . . And there," said Kernahan, dealing a resounding smack on the back of Sergeant Gibson, "we picked up the old fox's scent again. . . . Plain as a pike-staff were those Dunlop, Clincher, and Warwick tyre impressions!

"We waited for reinforcements—Corporal Shaw and his merry men—to come up. Then we rushed the position. We caught 'em absolutely on the hop, sitting on milking stools in the dairy—Gibson and three bosom pals taking a nice little cup of tea!"

"You did, you blitherers," said Sergeant Gibson, raising his glass. "Hell with you!"

"Of course," said Kernahan, his eyes twinkling, "our duty—painful as it was, dear Gibson—was clear. We simply *had* to make you prisoners. We simply had to deliver you over to the charge of Corporal Shaw and his merry men all to march you off to the nearest umpire.

"You will say doubtless, Sergeant-Major, that our duty then was to push on with our advantage, and to this end we drank only hurriedly—quite hurriedly—our cups of tea.

"Our charming hostesses put it down to excessive thirst, not knowing the zeal for the honour of our Squadron that burned always in our breasts, and, above all, our desire to show that we had benefited by our good Sergeant-Major's teachings—the Sergeant-Major to whom we looked for guidance on all occasions. It was strange, passing strange, that, even as we sat there, we should not be without his shining example, although he was as far away as Canterbury City, presumably showing old Mess comrades how to act as the model of a soldier on furlough.

"They pressed us to stay. We said no. What would our good, kind, Sergeant-Major think when it came to his ears that we had not made every use of our opportunities? (Although, mind you, we had done enough for one day, perhaps, in capturing the flower of the cyclists.)

"Oh (we were told) our Sergeant-Major was the gayest, most irresponsible of men. They produced a letter from Brother George—Sergeant Gay of the Lawless Lancers. They read to us the story of the Christopher Marlowe Statue, and the letter concluded, 'The good old Sergeant-Major, who is sitting by me in the Reading-room as I write this, sends this message to you: "Should you see any of his Tenth Legion manœuvring about the country, treat them nicely, ask them to stay to tea, and,"' Kernahan said unctuously, "'*Kiss 'em all round for him!*"'

"Of course," Kernahan concluded, "we spoke to those sisters of Sergeant Gay very seriously. We told them that our Sergeant-Major was utterly and abso-bally-lutely Her-who-must-be-Obeyed!"

INHALING CIGARETTES.

Do you inhale your cigarettes? It is quite likely that you do, if you are a hardened smoker, but it would really be better for you if you did not.

You will often find a man who smokes perhaps thirty or forty cigarettes a day suffer few ill-effects, whereas a man who only smokes ten or twenty may have his nerves badly injured. This is probably because the first man does not inhale the smoke, while the second draws it into his lungs.

Inhaling is actually a modified form of drug-taking. It is undoubtedly a greater sedative at the time, and induces a distinct drowsiness. For this reason it is often practised by men who suffer from insomnia, men with over-active brains which must of necessity be quietened; but it should not be forgotten that the injurious after-effects of inhaling are out of all proportion with the momentary benefits experienced at first.

WHEN ONE MAN "CRACKS."

When two well-matched opponents meet at almost any form of contest, there usually comes a moment when one of them falters, or, as the sporting fraternity puts it, "cracks."

You see this more particularly in contests where the personal element is strong, as, for example, in boxing. Given two really well-matched boxers, there comes a time when by tacit consent they stop manœuvring, stand toe to toe, and hit for all they are worth, making little or no attempt to guard.

This is when one man is likely to "crack." He may not be knocked out, he may stand up for many more rounds, but the steam is gone out of him. He is beaten, though will power may keep him on his legs.

In running you may see the same thing, when one man tries to run an opponent off his legs by making the pace a "cracker," though sometimes he himself is the first to "crack."

At golf the crucial moment usually comes about the fourteenth hole, when that point in the game finds the players "all square," or one of them holding a lead of perhaps one hole.

In the open championship, where the scoring is by strokes, the third round is usually the decisive one. Here it is that the strain begins to tell, and the brilliant but unseasoned player who has done two phenomenal rounds is apt to go all to pieces.

At lawn tennis the third sett, when you are playing best of five, generally settles matters. A man may be two setts down, and yet force his opponent to "crack" in the third.

CLUB NEWS.

LIVERPOOL.—The Liverpool MODERN MAN Social and Athletic Club have now secured headquarters at 168, Whitefield Road, Everton, Liverpool. At present there are over eighty members, and new ones are enrolling daily. Liverpool readers desirous of joining should write to the Secretary, Mr. H. Jones.

GLASGOW.—The Glasgow MODERN MAN Social and Athletic Association have now got out their cards of membership, which are extremely attractive. The second smoking concert was most successful. Much credit is due to the enthusiasm of the members, who have personally done a large part of the work in getting the headquarters ready. The Glasgow club is now one of the strongest in the kingdom, and its officials are determined that it shall beat all the others. We like to see this spirit of friendly rivalry.

LISTS OF MEMBERS.—A suggestion reaches us from a reader, namely, that every club secretary should cut out and paste in a book the list of League members which we are printing each week. Such a book of reference would be most convenient to those clubmen who propose visiting a town where they have no friends. They would simply have to turn up the list at the name of the town to find the names and addresses of the best men in it. We commend the idea to all club secretaries.

How a Taxi-driver Qualifies.

[This article is written by a London taxi-cab driver, and will prove of much use to those who contemplate adopting this trade.]

First of all the aspirant must apply to Scotland Yard, any day between 10 and 4, except Saturday, when it is 10 to 1. Here he will be given a form to fill in, in exchange for which they will give him another, permitting him to attend any day at the hours named to be examined for his knowledge of London.

For this examination he will be required to know all the principal theatres, hotels, clubs, railway stations, hospitals, parks, police and county courts, squares, streets, and public buildings, both in London and suburbs, and he must also know the nearest way from any one part to any other part of London.

This examination is divided into two parts, the first part dealing with London, the second with the suburbs.

THE QUESTIONS.

These examinations are very stiff, and full of catch questions, some buildings having two names, and some streets having recently changed names. Some of the points are miles away—for instance, from the Surrey Commercial Docks to Paddington; while some are very close together, like Trafalgar Square to the Triumphal Arch. This latter question is a catch, as there are three squares of that name, and the Arch is at the top of Constitution Hill. This will give an idea of the class of question asked.

When the first examination for his knowledge of London has been passed, a permit will be given him. This will enable him to apply to one of the various motor-cab companies, who will, if they have any vacancies, take him to teach him how to drive a car.

LEARNING ON THE ROAD.

At most of the garages it is usual to go out with an instructor at 8 o'clock in the morning, returning at 1, and then going out again at 3 till about 6.

During these times the learners—known in the trade as "wanglers"—take it in turns at the wheel and are initiated into the mysteries of changing speeds and generally driving a car, both forward and reverse.

To be able to reverse properly is most important.

When thought proficient by the instructor, the learner will be taken to the yard for his test.

On arrival at the yard he will wait his turn for the inspector to test his particular car.

I must point out that you can only drive the make of car named on the licence; to drive another make it is necessary to pass again for that make. Of course this applies only to public vehicles.

"LONG ARM" AND "SHORT ARM."

The first part of the test is to drive the car through an arch 8 ft. 6 in. wide. The width of most cabs is about 5 ft. 6 in., so you have about three feet to spare.

First of all you must reverse a "long arm," or, to put it plainer, drive the car from the near-side of the road, properly facing the traffic, backwards through the arch, touching the kerb not more than 18 inches away. To do this it is necessary to lean right out of the front seat and drive in a cramped position.

A large percentage of men fail on this test, but if you get through it all right you will then have to do a "short arm," which is the reverse of the "long arm."

Should you fail on the first test you are put back for a fortnight, and the same fate awaits you if you fail over the second, even if the test has been properly done. If at the end of a fortnight you fail again you will be put back for a month.

These regulations apply also to those who fail on the drive, for, after you have passed the reversing test, the car is taken out into the streets, where a further test is made.

THE STREET TEST.

You are required to start away on a hill, also to turn in a very narrow street, and, of course, you must drive in a manner not dangerous to the public.

Points that count for failure are allowing the car to run back on the hills, touching the kerb in turning, stopping your engine, stopping across a crossing and failing to blow your hooter.

Should you pass this final test, you must attend to be examined for your knowledge of the suburbs, and when you finally pass this examination you will receive your licence, subject to your reference being good.

STARTING WORK.

When the licence is received, it must be taken to the firm or owner of the cab which you are going to drive. He will keep the licence proper, while you will retain the duplicate. Both of these documents have a photograph of you attached.

Then you will be shown how to move the taximeter-flag, as the various makes work differently. After this you will be given an order for the stores to supply you with a uniform.

On first starting you will probably be an odd man, but after a short while will be given a regular cab.

H. R.

SHAVING HINTS.

If your face smarts after shaving, ordinary pure lard is a good substitute for a patent soothing cream.

* * *

Dipping the razor into boiling water after stropping it has the effect of increasing the hardness and keenness of the blade.

* * *

In stropping your razor, do it "over the back"—*i.e.*, move it backwards and forwards, using the back of the blade as a sort of pivot.

* * *

Shave before you wash. The reason for this is that if you shave after washing you will find that the shaved area of your face looks remarkably cleaner than the rest.

HUMOURS AND TRIALS OF LECTURING.

BY ONE WHO HAS EXPERIENCED SOME.

Public lecturing is not a bad way of making a living, nor do you need to be so famous as might be supposed.

Of course, a great traveller or explorer is going to command big fees, and go all over the world lecturing; but there are lots of almost unknown men who make a steady and pretty comfortable living as lecturers.

For example, I have a friend who lectures on English literature. He is quite unknown to the general public, but makes a steady £400 a year, being greatly in demand at young men's institutions and literary societies.

As to becoming a lecturer, lecturing is certainly a gift, though it may be enormously developed and improved by practice.

A man may be chockful of interesting matter, and yet be a failure as a lecturer.

The lecturer's is rather a curious life, and it calls for considerable tact, adaptability, and *savoir faire*, for you are constantly being "put up" for a night or two by strange hosts, with whom you may have little or nothing in common.

It is decidedly trying, for example, for a heavy smoker to find that his host objects to smoking and won't allow it in his house.

With the best intentions hosts often invite people to meet you after the lecture. Often they have not been to hear you, and this means that you have to deliver your lecture all over again, when you had much rather eat your supper and go to bed.

Chairmen are often very trying. That well-known and most successful lecturer, Mr. John Foster Fraser tells this delightful story of a certain chairman, who got up and delivered himself to this effect: "Ladies and gentlemen, there is no need for me to introduce the gentleman who has come to lecture to us to-night. Everybody has heard of him. In the wilds of Russia, under the Southern Cross, in the fastnesses of the Andes, in the deserts of Arabia, from China to Peru everybody has heard the name of—er, er—of—er—what did you say?—oh, yes, of course—of Mr. John Foster!"

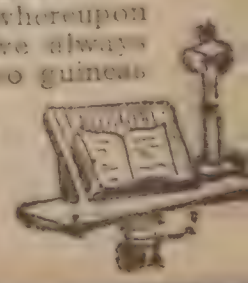
Once when I was lecturing on novels, a worthy chairman introduced me something after this fashion: "Well, ladies and gentlemen, Aw need not say mooch. You all know me. Aw'm just plain Bill Buggins. Well, this 'ere gentleman has coom to lecture ye on novels. Aw doan't read novels. Aw'm just plain Bill Buggins, and aw've no patience with sich trash. Aw call novel-reading a fair waste o' time. Still, aw've no doubt we shall all enjoy the lecture very mooch." It was obvious that both he and the audience had the most frightful misgivings on this point, and I should have given a good deal to have been able to bolt out of the hall.

The receiving of your money is rather a delicate business. The proper way, of course, is for the secretary to put your fee in an envelope, give it to you quietly when there is nobody about, and take your receipt. Some secretaries, however, get you in the committee-room with a lot of people standing round and proceed loudly to count out your fee—one two, three, four, five guineas, or whatever it may be.

Everybody knows what you are getting, and you are painfully conscious that they think it is a great deal too much.

The coolest piece of cheek I remember was on the part of the secretary who handed me four guineas instead of the six to which I was entitled. I pointed out his error, whereupon he replied coolly, "Oh, yes, but we always expect our lecturers to contribute two guineas to the Society's funds."

N. S.



THE FOOTBALL BACK-END.

CHANGES THAT COME OVER AN AMATEUR TEAM.

By Walter Engelhardt, late Casuals and Emeriti F.C.'s.

We have not many more weeks of football before us, and although the Association game generally outlasts Rugby, the summer sports are already beginning to rob it of many of its devotees.

Whereas, at this time of the year, the big professional elevens all over the country are displaying, if anything, a greater degree of keenness, both in the field and in training work, by reason of the different competitions in which they are engaged, amateur combinations, on the other hand, are beginning to give their captains a gradually increasing anxiety.

"How on earth am I to get together a team for Saturday?" is the groan of the skipper just now; for the onward progress of the year offers a far wider range of sports to the amateur footballer than has been the case throughout the bygone winter months.

One of the greatest thieves of the football-field is rowing, for though many men start rowing and sculling practice even as early as January, still the great majority possess their souls in patience until the present time of the year, when longer days offer more lengthy spells of training when the hours of business are over.

Another very potent factor—perhaps the strongest—with which the captain has to contend just now in getting a full team together is one which does not redound overmuch to the credit or loyalty of the players. It is this:

Big amateur elevens are apt at this time to lose a great many of their best players—'Varsity men and others who are unable to get away; and accordingly the captains are forced to request the best men of the lesser clubs in the locality to take their places.

This is very often done, especially in the City, say during the luncheon hour, when the skipper of a big team who knows you by sight will come up to you, and off-handedly ask if he may put you down to play for his side next Saturday. Doubtless the honour of the thing is strong enough to make you forsake your own little club for once—and it is thus that the small clubs suffer.

But there is an even worse phase of this which has come within my personal experience. Some not over scrupulous men will often give promises to as many as three or four footer captains to play on the same day—and when that day arrives, airily proceed to play for the team which attracts them the most, or whose ground is the most convenient.

No wonder that that notorious person Mr. A. N. Other has achieved so great a prominence in the team lists at this season.

It may seem strange, but it is none the less a fact, that the second eleven of an amateur club suffers less in this way than the first; for the reason—which I cannot explain—that the players of the second team are far more "clannish," *i.e.*, have more *esprit de corps* than the first-eleven men.

Perhaps it is that they have played more consistently together since the commencement of the season, and no individual player has had to "stand down," willy nilly, to let in some higher light. And besides, if a second-team man is asked by the captain of the first to play in a match, he somehow feels that he is being "patronised," and in some sort of way resents it. So he very often declines, preferring to stick to his own team; and it is largely that consideration that is making most second elevens more consistent in form than their first teams at the end of the season.

Their members are naturally not such good players individually as those in the first team, but they often have a power of combination that is lacking in the latter.

Walter L. Engelhardt.

MY NOTEBOOK.

BOXING CONTESTS, NOT PRIZE FIGHTS.

I have received from Mr. H. D. McIntosh—the gentleman who has been responsible for the organising of most of the recent big boxing contests held in London, and who certainly deserves the credit of reviving public interest in that sport—a letter in which he points out that in a recent article, in which we dealt with the subject of women at prize fights, we should not have used the term "prize fights," as, he informs us, prize fights in England are illegal.

We ought to have described them as boxing contests, but as in connection with these contests large purses are offered I am afraid that the two terms mean very much the same thing.

Mr. McIntosh's point, however, appears to be that the term "prize fights" is associated with certain undesirable elements that were in vogue in the old days, and that tended to bring the sport of boxing into disrepute.

Whatever objections may have been urged in regard to boxing contests of fifty years ago, they would be unjustified to-day, for boxing has now assumed its proper place as one of the finest and cleanest of British sports, and no one has done more to accomplish this result than has Mr. McIntosh.

GARDENING AS AN EXERCISE.

A rather amusing letter reaches me from a reader in Dundee.

"I am very fond of gardening," he says, "and I spend every Saturday afternoon, and occasionally a portion of Sunday, in working in the garden.

"I always feel very fit after a spell of gardening, but some of my friends say that it is not the sort of thing that a man ought to go in for, and that I should drop it and take up some form of sport.

"I do not dislike games, and there are some of them that I enjoy, but the greatest pleasure that I have ever got in the way of exercise has been from gardening. Do you think I should give it up?"

Most certainly not.

In our big English public schools, boys are compelled to play games, whether they like them or not, and possibly it may be good for them, although I am inclined to think that the youngsters should at least be given their choice as to which games they are to play.

I know one man who rowed for his college at Oxford, and who is a keen athlete, but who loathes and detests Rugby football. He was compelled to play that game when he was at the school after which the game has been christened. He was, even as a boy, keen on many sports and games, but he never liked football, and he has confessed to me that the very idea of being compelled to play was at times almost sufficient to freeze him off sport altogether.

That, however, is by the way. In the case of boys the compulsory playing of games may or may not be advisable, but in the case of a grown man, it is essential that he should follow his own inclinations in choosing his form of exercise. Sport is the most innocent form of pleasure, and where lies the pleasure if a man is making it not sport but work, which is something done against resistance.

In gardening, my Dundee friend obviously finds pleasure, and certainly he gets all the exercise he requires. Of course he does not have the excitement of seeing his name appearing in the reports of matches in the local papers, but that is a very little thing.

In regard to athletics, my advice is that every man should take sufficient exercise to keep him fit and well, but should choose that form which he likes best, and should not allow himself to be persuaded by well-meaning friends into adopting some sport which he does not enjoy.

For my own part, I may say that I can find pleasure in most sports, but I have not the time to follow all of them, and I claim the privilege of a busy man in adopting those which I like best.

THE WEARING OF THE BADGE.

I have received from a Manchester reader a letter which deals with a matter of interest to all League members.

He informs me that he works in a shop, that he always wears the League badge, and that he has constantly been claimed as a friend by various visitors to the shop who are not wearing League badges.

He has persuaded his manager to become a member of the League, and is informed that the latter has frequently been greeted by men in the train, but when he asks where their badges are, they say that they have left them at home, or that they have mislaid them.

My correspondent very rightly points out that some of those who claim acquaintance in this manner may be "on the make," and that as casual readers of the paper they would be able to recognise our badge, and to claim a League member's privilege, to which they are not entitled.

Certainly there is this danger. Ours is a League of friendship, and unscrupulous people may abuse the good-heartedness of those wearing the badge.

To guard against such a possibility, I advise all League members who are spoken to by strangers to refuse to enter into conversation unless the stranger can prove his bona fides by the fact that he is wearing the badge also.

One of the privileges of the League is that any League member can speak to another League member without the formality of an introduction, but if a man is not wearing his badge, there is no proof of the fact that he is a League member, and therefore the badge-wearer should leave him alone.

MORE PARTNERS WANTED.

At the moment of writing I have many hundreds of partners in this business. Some of them have invested heavily, and some of them have invested only small amounts in the paper. I want more partners, and I want particularly those whose investments are comparatively small, for the strength of a paper rests upon the enthusiasm of its supporters, and no man is so enthusiastic as the man who has a financial interest in the paper's welfare.

In accordance with the offer I recently made I am still presenting, free of cost, one of my own fully-paid £1 Deferred Shares with every pounds worth of 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares that you may take up. This is an exceptional opportunity for those who have money to invest.

As soon as the balance of the capital of this company has been subscribed it will be impossible for me to offer any further shares, and as the number now available is not large I should advise you to apply at once.

An application form appears on page 2 of the cover.

RISKY FOODS

I am asked by a reader to say whether I think it wise for a man to eat oysters and water-cress.

Both of these appeal rather strongly to me, and, until recently, it was my habit to eat half a dozen oysters each day at lunch.

Then came the very serious illness of an intimate friend of mine. The doctor said he observed certain symptoms of typhoid, but could not be certain till a few more days had elapsed. He asked me when my friend had last eaten oysters or water-cress, and I gave him the date; it was at a regimental dinner, at which we had both eaten them.

The period of suspense passed; my friend's illness developed on lines other than those of typhoid, but when he got better, both of us decided to leave oysters and water-cress alone in the future.

These things are nice to eat, but the pleasure of eating them is slight, and is not worth the taking of any risks.

Your Editor.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE SPORTSMAN'S COMMANDMENTS.

Thou shall not bet on a certainty.

* * *

Thou shalt not squeal—even if thou *dost* get a knock-out blow.

* * *

If thou play a game in which women are also playing, thou shalt not expect them to have thine own strength and stamina, and thou shalt make due allowances for their failings and shalt do thine utmost to see that they enjoy the game as much as thou dost.

* * *

Thou shalt be kind to those animals which help you in your sport, and shalt have mercy on thy horse and your dog.

* * *

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's change at the bar—even if he *is* momentarily looking the other way.

* * *

Thou shalt acknowledge, when fairly beaten, that the other is the better man.

* * *

Thou shalt stand by a pal in trouble—however inconvenient it may be to you.

* * *

Thou shalt not hit a weaker man than thyself.

* * *

Thou shalt not take thy neighbour's last cigarette when thou hast some left in thy case.

* * *

If thy friend hath but two copper pieces, thou shalt not ask for a brandy-and-soda.

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SPORTING STORIES

BEING GENEROUS.

HOUSEHOLDER: "Does any pedigree go with this dog?"

ITINERANT DOG VENDOR: "No, sir; I'm all out of pedigrease. But I don't mind chuckin' in a chain and collar."

AN INFAMOUS LIBEL.

"He hit me," said the plaintiff.

"Why did you hit him?" asked the magistrate.

"Because he called me a basement," replied the defendant.

"That seems rather an unusual term," said the magistrate. "Why did you call this man a basement?"

"Because he sells coals," replied the plaintiff. "He's a coal-seller, and if that ain't a basement, I don't know what is."

GRIEF.

The sportsman, who had taken the rough shooting on the farm, found it most convenient to have his meals at the farmhouse, and it was his habit to take them in company with the farmer and his family.

On one occasion the principal dish was a boiled fowl, and it proved to be remarkably tough. Even the farmer's two young sons, with their ravenous appetites, failed to make any headway in cutting up the portions of fowl which had been handed to them.

At last one of them remarked to his brother in an undertone: "Bill, somehow or another I wish old Dick hadn't a died."

THE GAMBLER.

"You little—you little—(boy)!" said the irate father. "I'll teach you to play shove-ha'penny. You're on the road to ruin, and I'm going to stop your evil ways. I'll flog you for a quarter of an hour on end!"

The irate father took off his jacket, rolled up his shirt sleeve and went in search of his most supple walking-stick.

In a moment he returned.

"Pa," said the child, balancing a half-penny on his thumb-nail, "I'll toss you to make it half an hour or nothing."

TREASURE HUNTING.

It was an important match, and the spectators were crowded tightly together. Suddenly a man bent down and groped about on the ground.

As this action interfered very materially with the comfort of those standing beside him, one of them asked him what he was looking for, and he explained that he had lost a piece of toffee.

"Well, don't make yourself a nuisance for a piece of toffee," said his annoyed neighbour. "You can surely get another piece of toffee, and, anyhow, the bit you've dropped would be dirty."

"It isn't the toffee I'm worrying about," replied the man on the ground, looking up for a moment, "but I want my teeth."

HE DID HIS BEST.

The village constable came round the corner of the village inn, and beheld in the middle of the village's one and only street a grey, moving mass.

The village constable rubbed his eyes and looked again, and the mass resolved itself into Gaffer Garge, who was slowly rising to his feet.

The village constable interrogated him—that is the police word—as to what had happened, and discovered that Gaffer Garge had been knocked down by a motor-cyclist, who had passed on unheeding.

"You say," said the village constable, "that you didn't see the number of the machine; but could you swear to the man?"

"Swear?" said Gaffer Garge. "I swore at him right enough, but I don't think he heard me."

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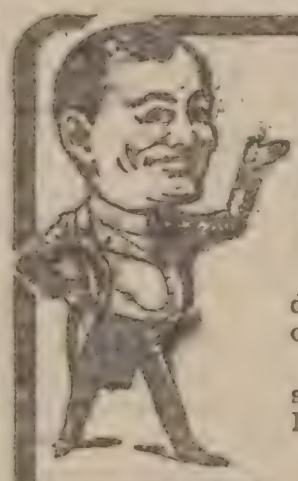

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OLD RESPECTABILITY

A SKETCH.

By E. HAMILTON EDDING.

It was the sort of day that Old Respectability liked, sunny, not too hot, and there was a cool breeze blowing across the Square. It was nice because people seemed more inclined to absorb the latest Extra. They were more generous with their pennies, and if they pulled out a handful of coppers to pay him they sometimes handed him one more than the "Westminster" costs, and that meant something tasty and luxurious for tea.

Gentlemen, who when scurrying along to keep out the chill of the cold winds would not have their literary appetite tempted by anything short of a big murder trial, fell an easy prey in the warm weather to such things as a prominent City financier's suicide, or a mere inquest on a conflagration victim.

When the sun smiled, Fortune smiled on Old Respectability. Everything he had became adequate for his needs. His thin, more or less white shirt, one of two carefully preserved relics of former days, when he was general factotum to a small and steadily-failing club, was sufficiently warm. His aged, green-tinged, black coat could be worn with its threadbare collar turned down. He felt no inconvenience from the tenuity of his ancient grey trousers, and his boots could always put up a creditable performance of their duties in fair weather.

Old Respectability looked across the Square to where the reflection of the sinking sun shone like molten red gold on the upper windows of some stately house.

"Ain't that gorjus, 'Evenin' News'?" he said, seizing the arm of a small urchin who was hurrying past.

"Oh, go an' fry yer feet, dad," said the youngster. "Give a feller the fair sick, yer do. Last night you was takin' a chep orf 'is business to chortle somethin' about 'ow pretty the Square looked when the blinds was down an' the lights showed frough 'em. Now its sun on a winder. See that any ole day, too! Leggo, 'Wes'minster'!"

He wriggled his slim arm from the grasp of the admirer of sunset effects and dashed off into the traffic, a turmoil from which the vendor of the "Westminster," a familiar fixture by his railing stand, was tangibly immune.

"'See that any ole day,'" "Westminister" echoed, and he looked at his own hand as though to measure the size of the little arm it had held. Then he thought of the pale pinched face and the troublesome cough of "Evening News." He looked beyond those stately houses that fringed the Square, and his thoughts were as far away as the green of the country side.

"Unless one o' these 'ere Kid's-'elp Society men collars yer and sends yer there," he said, "not so many more 'ole days,' 'Evenin' News'! . . . Not so many more."

And then he looked at the gold of the sunlight with a different appreciation.

"Well, wash 'is little fice an' he wouldn't make such a bad midget angel, bar 'is monkey tricks," Old Respectability added philosophically.

"Allo! What are *yew* chewin' over, 'Wes'minster'?"

A guttural voice grated on his ears. Old Respectability turned his head slowly, carefully cultivating in the process an expression of supreme unconcern. For this was the man he hated more than anyone he knew; this was the man who would thrust his offensive "Globe" under the noses of customers that did not belong to him. For years he had been the thorn in "Wes'minster's" side, the enemy who, like that proverbial enemy, seemed to be everywhere that Old Respectability could meet him. He lived somewhere at the back of Squalor-Land in the same lodging-house where Old Respectability laid himself to rest at night. Old Respectability had became tired of moving. "Globe" always found the same faults with the previous place as the older man, and ended up within a week within a few cubicles of him.

"Globe" was tall and thin, of unpleasant countenance and an exceedingly ragged moustache, of which he was proud. A man who looked on the dark side of life, his unvarying question was with regard to Old Respectability's reason for leaving that club, always alleging dishonesty when, as "Westminster" put it, "Gawd 'Imself knew it was because the committee could no longer afford to keep him on."

At this "Globe" always scoffed. Whoever heard of a club that was deficient of a hall-porter's wage?

At times like this Old Respectability would size his man up and down and pray for the agility of his former days.

"If I was younger, 'Globe,'" . . . he would say, stoutly.

"As you ain't, shut yer gab!" "Globe" would invariably reply. It was the finish to all arguments. "Westminster," assuming the unconcerned expression again, would busy himself offering papers to passers-by.

"'Ow's trade?" asked this amiable gentleman.

"None so bad; sold 'arf a quire."

"Pooh! Cahn't yer do better 'an that?"

"Might if some fellers was to keep their own customers to theirselves an' leave other men's alone."

"Blarst yer, I hain't ——"

At that moment Providence saw fit that a true friend of Old Respectability's should intervene. And that he bore some authority is evidenced by the fact that when he said, "Now, move on," "Globe" moved.

"Got my eye on that man, 'Westminster,'" said the man in blue. "This 'ere ain't 'is only profession. P'raps he won't be troublin' of you for some time to come. You see, I know somethin'."

Thinking of the bare possibility of this time of peace in store, "Westminster" turned his gaze to the sunlight on the windows again.

His eyes were dazzled by the dying blaze of the reflection, or when the young man in the yellow waistcoat and the pimples that did not match passed, he would not have mistaken him for the class of customer that buys the "Westminster."

"'Wes'minster,' sir?" he said.

The young man paused. Here was the opportunity for one of those humorous jokes that score off the grey-beard.

"Yes, if you've got the five o'clock winner, old sportsman," said that young man, facetiously, knowing full well that the clock at the corner marked but a quarter to the hour.

The old man slipped the pale green organ of the upper middle-class back into the railing-rack with his other stock-in-trade, and merely smiled at the brilliant youth who, guffawing, passed on.

"No clarse!" said Old Respectability to the Square in general.

It was merely a comment without a suspicion of bitterness in the tone. "No clarse!"

SIDE-POCKET DANGERS.

When a man is walking along a crowded street he does not take any notice of the constant slight collisions which occur between him and the crowds among whom he is moving. If he did, his life would be a misery.

This willingness to give and take is a source of danger. It is very easy for the pickpocket to take advantage of this general bustling, and he can ply his evil trade almost free from any suspicion whatsoever.

The danger is greatest when a man is walking along with one hand, or both hands, in his trouser pockets. The effect of this habit is to throw the side pockets of the jacket behind one, and to leave them exposed to every pilfering finger.

It is comparatively easy for the pickpocket to empty a man's side jacket pockets when his hands are in his trouser pockets. The thief's touch cannot be felt, for the coat is loosely pushed back. The apparently unaccountable loss of letters, keys, or of any of the articles carried in these pockets might often be explained in this way.

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Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain ...	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain.....	1s.

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Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

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Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

NOTES ON EATING.

I wonder how many writers have compared the very commonplace process of eating with the stoking of a steam-engine. The simile is such a good one, however, that I am going to risk a platitude by employing it once more.

You would naturally stoke a steam-engine according to the work you wanted to get out of it. If you wanted to use its maximum power, you would shovel in fuel in greater quantities than if you merely wanted to keep steam up.

Moreover, you would stoke it up beforehand, so as to have steam ready when you wanted it, and not immediately before you wanted to start the engine.

Yet how many men apply the same principle to the "stoking" of the human body? The main object of taking food is to produce energy, and it is important that meals should be taken so that that energy is available when you want to draw on it.

It is not really from the foods that you take to-day (with the exception of liquids and very quickly digested foods) that you get the strength of to-day.

The mistake that many men make is to take an enormous breakfast by way of preparation for a heavy day's work.

Before that food really contributes to your strength and energy it must undergo the process of digestion, which takes on an average about three hours, and then that of absorption and assimilation, which takes several more hours.

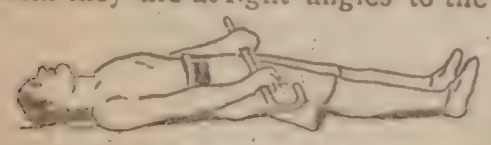
Heavy work, therefore, after a hearty meal only retards these processes and prevents the full benefit being derived from the food. Often it actually brings on indigestion.

The heavy meal of the day should be taken in the evening after work, when the natural processes of digestion can be carried on unhindered.

In this way you will be fortifying yourself against the work of to-morrow. The process of assimilation will go on while you are asleep, and under the most favourable conditions, for the body being in a horizontal position, less action is required of the heart in the matter of circulation.

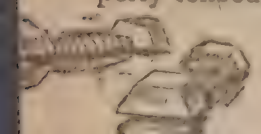
FOR CHEST AND ABDOMEN.

The starting position for this exercise is that depicted in the sketch. Lie flat on your back on the floor with a walking-stick held in the hands and the heels together. Still keeping the legs together, raise them slowly, without bending them, until they are at right angles to the body. Keep the back flat on the ground and do not carry the legs beyond the perpendicular. Simultaneously with this movement of the legs, raise the arms slowly until they are also perpendicular, the stick being held immediately above the shoulders.



The starting position.

Pause a moment in this position and then lower the legs and arms slowly back to the position illustrated. Do not let them "flop" down or you will lose half the benefit of the exercise, which develops primarily the chest, shoulders, and abdominal muscles. If the legs are kept stiff and unbent and the muscles of the thigh and calf properly tensed, these will also profit considerably.



FULL CONTRACTION.

Mr. Thomas Inch, the well-known physical culture expert, and Britain's strongest man, has sent me for review a complete set of the lessons which he is issuing to his pupils in connection with his latest departure, which he describes as the "Full Contraction System."

I have studied these lessons closely, and my opinion is that they are the best thing in physical culture that has yet been brought before the public.

There are some so-called teachers of physical culture who send out to their pupils a set of alleged lessons which are nothing more than sections of a book. Every pupil gets precisely the same instruction, and naturally, although some may benefit, others certainly do not.

Mr. Inch works on different lines from these. He gives personal and individual attention to every pupil, with the result that every one of his students is benefited.

Some have developed into athletes with world-wide reputations, while others have merely succeeded in making flabby muscles into normally strong ones.

Much, of course, depends upon each man's constitution, and no teacher on earth could make certain men into athletes. All that can be done, however, is done by Mr. Inch's methods.

The man who has the potentiality of great strength is made an exceptionally strong man in an exceptionally short period of time; the man who is weak and flabby, and who suffers from various constitutional defects, is made healthy and fit, and in many cases actually becomes capable of feats of exceptional strength.

The exercises which I give on this page are of a general character, and I am glad that they have been so well received by the readers of THE MODERN MAN. You will understand, however, that it is impossible for me to give personal attention to each individual case, but that is what Mr. Inch does.

My notes are, I trust, useful to every physical culturist, but the man who desires to bring himself to the summit of physical fitness must have a teacher who will devote personal attention to him, and the best teacher whom I can recommend is Mr. Thomas Inch.

AN ALL-ROUND DEVELOPER.

Stand erect with the feet separated slightly and with a walking-stick held with the hands the width of the body apart. The arms should be dropped at the sides.

Now swing the stick up over your head, hollowing the back and curving the body, but without bending the knees.

Next bend the body from the waist and bring the stick down to touch the knees, as shown in the sketch.

Touch the knees and insteps alternately with the stick.

The feet must remain in the same position throughout, and are not moved as in the similar exercise given last week.

Straighten the body and return to the starting position.

Then go through the same movements again, but this time bring the stick down to touch the insteps, or as near them as you can get.

Repeat the movements continuously about ten times, bringing the stick alternately to the knees and to the insteps.

This is a fine all-round exercise, and develops the chest, arms, back, abdomen, and legs, as well as suppling the joints.

A LATE EASTER.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR OPEN-AIR HOLIDAY MAKING.

It is fortunate for the open-air man that Easter is this year late. The opportunities it offers for out-of-door enjoyment are immensely increased by this fact. By the middle of April the weather has had time to get well into its spring character.

Such a late holiday gives a man a choice of ways for enjoying it. There are, for instance, the rival claims of a brief walking tour or a cycling run of a few hundreds of miles between the Saturday and the Tuesday, when most of us hear and obey the call to work once again.

The Easter holiday sometimes suffers from a lack of a definite object. It may seem to the man, with three days suddenly at his disposal, that nothing in the way of a finished plan can be carried out. The time is too short for a real royal holiday during which one can get into one's swing and take life leisurely and largely. Long before the stiffness, mental and physical, engendered by long months of city office work has worn off one has to return.

On the other hand, an Easter holiday is often spoiled by having plans only, say, for one day. "We will walk to ——," you say to your friend, "have a good feed there at that fine little inn, and after a rest and a quiet look round we will jog on home again, keeping within hail of the railway in case towards the end we grow tired and want to travel by train."

This is all very well, and probably the walk comes off and is splendid. But the next day one rises late, is very stiff, and disinclined to move, and it is mid-day before one is up and about again. By this time all the best excursions have gone, and one is at a loose end, knowing not what to do.

It is well, therefore, to plan your doings so that no day's walk, or ride, or outing is likely to do you up for the rest of the holiday. Let each day have its plan—matured and settled before Good Friday—and then each of the three days will yield its enjoyment and activities.

G. SALTER.

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The Art of Full Contraction,
OR
The Secret of Size.

THE MOST IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENT OF PHYSICAL CULTURE UP TO DATE.

By THOMAS INCH, Britain's Strongest Man.

INCH—Britain's Strongest Man.

I am about to deal with a very important subject indeed, and it is meet that an important organ of THE MODERN MAN should be the one to publish this article.

It will be interesting to study how it has come about that I am publishing this new and, as far as results are concerned, extraordinary method.

Some time ago a certain gentleman wagered that I would not reach certain measurements.

On launching London, at the age of 21, my measurements were :

Chest (expanded)	43in.
Biceps	15in.
Calf	15in.
Thigh	22in.
Weight	144lbs.

I saw the necessity of increasing my measurements and was able to do so with the greatest ease.

On making the wager referred to my measurements were :

Neck	16in.
Chest (expanded)	46in.
Waist	33in.
Thigh	24½in.
Biceps	16½in.
Forearm	13¼in.

At the end of six months, when I easily won the wager, my measurements were :

Neck	18¼in.
Chest (expanded)	53in.
Waist	35½in.
Thigh	27½in.
Biceps	19½in.
Forearm	14½in.
Calf	17½in.

I continued with my exercises and reached 19⅞in. biceps, 15in. forearm. I offered to gain 21in. biceps and 56in. or 60in. chest (I forget which), but the wager was not accepted.

Recently, however, on the occasion of a gentleman staying at my private residence and seeing me personally go through my exercises, he stated that I appeared to be exercising in a manner that he had never yet seen anyone do before. To use his own expression, my positions were "weird."

I discussed the matter with him, and pointed out that they were exercises taken from my different charts.

He said : "They may be the same exercises, but you have a different way of doing them, and I believe it is the secret of your personal development and remarkable measurements."

I at once recognised that there was something in the idea. I remembered the correspondence when I gained my large measurements.

Of course, it is true that the INCH system has given undoubted satisfaction, and many pupils have readily gained in a short space of time 4in. to 6in. increased chest measurement, and 2in. or 3in. increased biceps measurement.

Still, I have often thought that it was strange, out of my thousands of pupils, no one has been able to equal or approach what I personally have done in the way of Physical Development and Weight-lifting.

I have not altered the old INCH system particularly—**it is not a question of exercises so much as the way in which they must be performed.**

I recognised that this important matter could not possibly be dealt with by the artist's pen, and went specially to the only photographer who, I believe, could satisfactorily take the large number of necessary photographic poses of myself, and personally illustrated the right and wrong way of doing my exercises.

The beauty of this method is that, once mastered, it can be applied to any system or systems.

INCH—Britain's Strongest Man.

If you learn the right method of using the chest expander you at once know how to apply it to the wall exerciser **on any system.**

If you learn the correct method of performing my dumb-bell movements you can apply the same method to any other dumb-bell system in the world.

I mention this because I recognise that whilst *every* reader must be deeply interested in this most important departure, yet, in spite of the very good following which I have, other Physical Culture authorities have their following; but whilst a Physical Culturist might not be led to take up my system, he will certainly wish to do his favourite exercises properly.

If a muscle be partly contracted it will only partly develop.

To explain what the above means in a simple way, I will say that if an exercise for the biceps is performed in such a way that the biceps are only one-tenth contracted, it will take ten weeks to get the same results as would be obtained in one week if the biceps each time were fully contracted.

I think sufficient has been said to whet the appetite of every reader for more. I have printed a limited issue of a most important work with the same title as this article, *i.e.*, **"The Art of Full Contraction."**

It is offered absolutely gratis to anyone who cares to apply, mentioning "THE MODERN MAN."

You are invited to write to me on the matter at the earliest possible moment. My address is

DEPT. M.M.,
MUNSTER HOUSE, FULHAM, LONDON, S.W.

UNSTABLE INTENTIONS

A RACING SKETCH.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

The Lincolnshire Handicap, that race which is always to the fittest, is over, and you have already, young as the season is, broken one of the rules you made on the eve of the fatal Tuesday, namely that you would after the big race leave them severely alone until form began to work out with a modicum of accuracy. If there is any comfort, however, in the fact that you are not the only one among casual punters who has broken the rules he laid down for his guidance on the eve of Flat Racing, you at least have that to hug to your bosom—that bosom which, let us hope, is not even metaphorically shirtless owing to the disappointing performance of some animal who finished against the half-crown ring on the Carholme when the winner was passing the post.

Racing men proper are quite as full of good resolutions on the eve of the Flat Racing season as is the inhabitant of the ordinary world on the thirty-first day of December.

They stalk into their favourite hostelries in their new boots and their new spring overcoats, their re-bound bowler, and their well-fitting trousers, and seek each other out in order that they may get off their well-waistcoated chests all that is swelling within them. Their intentions for the coming season, though they be as various as the two-year-olds in a Newbury Nursery, are yet good.

There is Jones (this is not the Jones you know, but "Ticky" Jones), who has only just managed to raise the funds to get out of pawn the watch he "left" at Newcastle because of the turn-up in the Northumberland Plate. He will be hanged if anything short of a St. Leger will ever tempt him to add his weight to the burden of a North-bound race-train again.

Those North-Country race-meetings are always the same. Newmarket horses come to them with a big reputation. Their trainers walk about the towns in the morning spending their winnings in advance with pals who are going to assist Newmarket to sweep the board. Fired by this sight, and dosed by some of the trainers' free champagne, a man is led into doing "Newmarket's best" in every race, and in every instance some little pig-horse from a bleak North-Country stable, some wretched animal that is stabled in a loose-box that boasts not even a patent hayrack, just pushes his ill-shaped nose ahead on the post, and drives a man to pawning the family heirloom in order to obtain a bit of dinner on the train. No, says Jones, no more North-Country meetings for him. His motto is: Safety and the Southern circuit.

"Kemmy" Smith says it's a funny thing that Jones should have made a resolution with regard to Newmarket horses in the following season, for they have been the cause of many a bottle of wine being excluded from *his* frugal fare.

What "Kemmy" has made up his mind about is never to back Newmarket horses at Newmarket in any race where there is one "visitor" from an away stable in the race. And this is for the reason that Newmarket tips are always the worst tips. The good thing that is bandied about in the morning from the Top of the Town to the other end never turns out to be anything but a sincere friend to bookmakers. Newmarket's Morning Tip, he says, is usually in the ownership of the bookmakers as a body, and runs accordingly. And in the race where there are fifteen Newmarket horses and one "visitor," the "visitor" starts at a forlorn price, and proceeds to show the Newmarket horses as nice a pair of racing plates as were ever fixed by a stable's farrier. So he ("Kemmy") is off Newmarket horses in any races of this sort. A trainer may come and tell him that he has had a moonlight trial and found his horse to represent Ormonde in the race at six stone, but he will not be "on." His motto will be: Victory and the Visitor!

"Galinago" Robinson ("Always ready to meet Old Friends and New in the Five Shilling Ring. Fair Prices and Prompt Payment combined with Civility") will be hanged if he will ever stand to be shot at at any meeting below the status of Lewes and Lingfield. Went to that blighting little half-horse show of a Beverley Meeting last year. First race got a skinner—and won twenty-five shillings; second race clicked for three half-crowns over the victory of the third favourite; third race they did it on him for fifty-seven blessed quid. Then he took the knock. *His* motto (diluted): Confound Beverley.

"Flasher" Brown (who dabbles a little in jewellery) observes that he has raised the bar against Epsom on the Ladies' Day for all eternity. Having connected successfully with a bit of the bookie's money at Epsom on last Oaks Day he felt he would take the air of the paddock where the ladies from the country, most easily—er—pleased of all jewellery buyers, congregate to look at the pretty horses, the nice little jockey boys, and the handsome trainers.

Ten minutes previously he had bought from another merchant, down on his luck, as pretty a tie-pin, with an "S" set in diamonds, as ever was purchased for fifteen bob ready, second-hand. Saw a likely bird, lonely-looking but well-dressed lady, tipped her the usual wheeze: Was this her bangle that he had just picked up? No. After that, conversation easy. Did her husband's name happen to begin with S? Yes it did. (Winner first pop!)

He produced the pin. Wouldn't she like to buy it of him for her husband? She promptly waved her parasol to a beefy-looking gentleman, who turned out to be not only her husband, but the chief-constable of some country town, who came up, identified the pin as his property, stolen fifteen minutes previously while he was watching the race, and observed sternly that if he ("Flasher") gave it up and did not show his dishonest face in the Paddock again that afternoon, he would not bother to give him in charge. Net loss—pin, fifteen shillings, and paddock ticket a dollar. Motto? No, he hadn't got any blooming motto, but he was off ladies and horseflesh combined, as the stewed-eel seller said when his wife eloped with the cat's-meat man.

Yet, should you happen to be at any North-Country meeting of note this year, you will see Mr. "Ticky" Jones running around the ring to get the best price about Newmarket's Best. At Newmarket Mr. "Kemmy" Smith will absorb all the little Ormonde-at-six-stone storyettes handed out by the trainer of Morning Tip; Beverley will not be bereft of its "Galinago" Robinson, and if you lose your tie-pin at Epsom during the race for the Oaks, it is more than likely that Mr. "Flasher" Brown will acquire it at an absurd price for cash.

"I'm so tired" says he to Success.

"I'm too tired to study anything when I get home from work at night."—

The young man's excuse is the very thing that will make it necessary for him to work hard when his hair has turned grey, and he really IS tired!

A little home study and a large bag of gold sovereigns so often go hand-in-hand: what a pity that a grown man, a young man, with strength and energy and a pair of good eyes and a fresh brain, should not have the pluck to do something *really useful* in his spare time!

Once a man with any ambition to succeed in his daily work takes up the study that will make him a master of his line, with high pay, independence and an assured future—an I.C.S. Course of home study, that is—he is surprised to find it really *recreation*. And what a sense of satisfaction to know that the evenings spent with his absorbingly interesting I.C.S. books and instruction papers will put him a long way ahead on the road to a real standing—plenty of money!

Students' successes are continually reported from all trades. Here is a typical letter:—

"On receipt of the first copy of the 'I.C.S. Student' I made application for one of the vacancies advertised, and as a result have been given a start in a large London Electrical Works, at nearly three times my previous salary.

"I believe that there is no limit to the position an I.C.S. student can secure through the valuable assistance rendered by the Students' Aid Department and their weekly publication."—HERBERT S. WILLS.

Possibly you do not know the world-wide success of the International Correspondence Schools in training men and women *for* their work while *at* their work? Would you like to know? Do you think you have the ambition to turn your otherwise profitless hours into gold? Have you the pluck to start? Then you surely have enterprise enough to post in this coupon for free facts.

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BARRING THE BOARD-SCHOOL BOY.

PROS AND CONS OF A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

There is considerable diversity of opinion over the decision of the authorities of University College School not in future to admit London County Council schoolboys, still popularly known as board-school boys, to scholarships carrying free education.

Now this is rather a delicate matter. THE MODERN MAN has always raised its voice against snobbery of any kind, and here at first sight appears to be a case of detestable snobbery. But probably there are two sides to the question, and I shall endeavour impartially to state them as I see them.

First of all, be it understood that these scholarships are given in return for money grants from the L.C.C., a fair exchange. The school is not an over-rich one, and surely the authorities would not stop the scholarships and forego these grants without strong reason.

It is said that the parents of paying boys have objected to the presence of the free scholars. Theirs may be a snobbish objection; but, after all, they pay the piper and have the right to call the tune.

The authorities are in a quandary if the paying parents, who are in a big majority, threaten to boycott the school.

A man sends his son to a public school because he wishes him to associate with the sons of gentlemen. He pays for this exclusiveness, and if he does not get it surely he has a right to protest.

"I do not wish to imply that a board-school boy is necessarily not the son of a gentleman, I should rather say "to associate with boys of more or less equal social position, habits of life, and prospects."

It is said, however, that the authorities and the paying boys object to the free scholars.

It is said that the latter bring a low tone to the school, that out of school their surroundings and associates are undesirable and are reflected in their school-life.

But it may be urged that, the free boys being in a minority, cannot affect the majority. I am not so sure that that is a conclusive argument. A bad example is more contagious than a good one.

I remember Mr. Louis Wain telling me that where there are a number of cats one unclean one will make all the others unclean also.

I think, however, that the root of the trouble is the fact that the board-school product is out of sympathy with the public school boy. He is not brought up in the same traditions of sport and honour. I do not mean that he is dishonourable, but simply that his ethical code is different from the public schoolboy's, and the authorities of University College School say that, contrary to expectation, he does not absorb the public schoolboy's ideas. He remains a fish out of water, and that is uncomfortable for everybody. And, indeed, his own position is most uncomfortable, and therefore I have much sympathy with him.

He is a poor boy among comparatively rich ones. He cannot dress as well as they, he has not the same pocket-money, he cannot afford to share in their sports and amusements; his outlook, his code, his sphere of life are different.

A boy or a man is bound to be unhappy and to cause friction when he goes, or is thrust, into society where he cannot hold his own and pay his way.

It is a difficult question, but it is certain that these board-school boys, who are sent to public schools, are greatly to be pitied. Nothing is so humiliating, so embittering to a boy as to be at a school where he is financially unable to keep his end up with other boys.

G. J. CARR.

LET ME CURE YOUR CATARRH

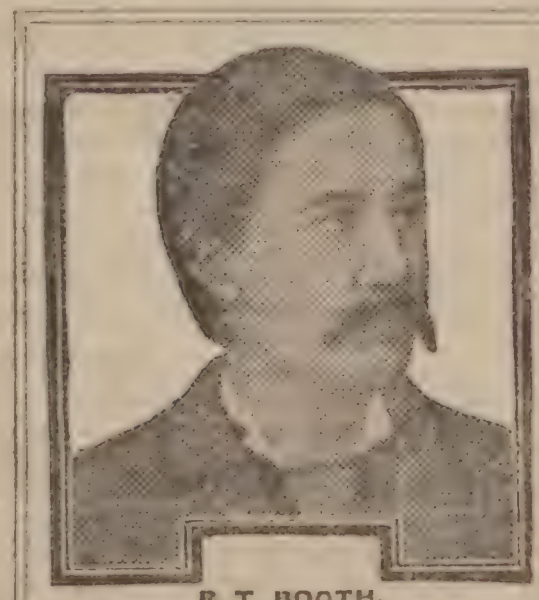
WORLD-FAMOUS MAN'S OFFER TO ALL SUFFERERS FROM BREATHING TROUBLES.

How you may obtain immediate relief and ultimate cure for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Influenza, Catarrhal Deafness, Consumption, etc., etc.

Mr. R. T. Booth, who issues the following announcement, is the world-famous temperance orator, who some years ago, in co-operation with such friends and co-workers as the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Rev. F. B. Meyer, and the late Rev. Newman Hall, Archdeacon Wilberforce, Lord Mount Temple, and others, founded the Blue Ribbon Army, which ultimately led a million to temperance. This glorious work was cut short by acute catarrh and threatened consumption which sent him, by the order of the late Sir Andrew Clark, health-seeking to Aurstalia. There he made his great discovery of Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me) which not only cured him, but has since cured multitudes of other sufferers. Hyomei is an inhaler which, being a powerful germ killer, cures by just breathing it.

Mr. R. T. Booth's words to sufferers are: I want you to try the remedy that cured me. Twenty-five years ago, as many of you know, I was stricken with Catarrh in so malignant a form that my life was despaired of. Sir Andrew Clark, the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone's physician, advised me to make a journey to Australia, where it was hoped that the warmer climate would bring me relief. In that country I found a cure. That was twenty-five years ago, and to-day I have no signs of breathing troubles despite my age.

The remedy I discovered I named Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me), and I want every sufferer from breathing troubles to give it a trial. That they may do so, I have put the price within the reach of all. I implicitly believe in my remedy, and that is why I am so insistent in asking you to try it. I would not attach my name to anything unless I firmly believed that it would accomplish all that I claim for it. So great is my faith in Hyomei, moreover, that I guarantee to return your money if it does not benefit you. (See Coupon below.)



R. T. BOOTH.
(Temperance Advocate, Social Reformer, Health Expert, Founder of the Blue Ribbon Army, and Discoverer of Hyomei.)

If your nose is stopped up.
If you have headaches.
If your voice is dull or harsh.
If your eyes often water.
If you sleep with your mouth open.
If crusts form in the nose.
If you catch cold easily.
If your hearing is affected.
If you have head noises.
If your throat is dry.
If you are tired on rising.
If you have a short, hacking cough.
If you have much discharge from the nose.
If your sense of smell is affected.
If mucus drops into your throat.

If, in fact, you have one or more of the above symptoms, then there is something wrong with your breathing organs, and it is now that you should get your cure, before the trouble gets worse.

CATARRH LEADS TO CONSUMPTION.

Catarrh not only impoverishes the system, lowers the vitality, poisons the stomach, and weakens the mind, but it renders the sufferer irritable, despondent, careless, dull and thoughtless, and, in nine cases out of ten, if neglected, it leads to consumption, that dread disease which takes off thousands every year.

PRAISE FROM OTHERS.

Not only am I myself convinced as to the undoubted superiority and efficacy of Hyomei, but thousands of users in this country have written me within the last two years testifying in no uncertain tones of the remarkable effect that my remedy has had in their cases. Their experience may be yours, but do not be misled by the specious advertisements of people who will apparently say anything and make any claims, however wildly absurd, to sell their nostrums.

Remember, no cough mixture, no lozenge, no drops, indeed, no medicine taken into the stomach ever did or ever will cure or even relieve nasal or throat catarrh, influenza, bronchitis, or lung trouble. These troubles threatened my life, and drove me to Australia seeking my cure. I found it there, and called it Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me). It cured me twenty-five years ago, *to stay cured ever since*, and it can cure you. I guarantee this, or return your money. (See Coupon below.)

My Hyomei cures you for the same reason that it cured me. I have so devised the Hyomei Treatment that it gives you in your own homes dried, clean air, filtered and impregnated with cleansing and healing balms, exactly as you would get it and breathe it if you were living as I did in Australia. That is the fact about the Hyomei Treatment; it gives you the healing Australian air in your own homes. Whether your trouble is in the Head; Nose, with all the horrors of foul and dropping mucus; in the Throat, with constant hacking, soreness, phlegm, and coughing; or in the Lungs, with congestion, and constant threat of Consumption, there is not in the world a treatment—at any price, let alone at the low price at which I offer you the Hyomei Treatment — that should be mentioned in the same world as the Hyomei Treatment for the relief and cure of the above troubles.

R. T. BOOTH.

The Hyomei Outfit for giving Mr. Booth's treatment contains an inhaler with supply of antiseptic gauze, a bottle of the inhalent "Hyomei," and directions how to use it for Nasal and Throat Catarrh, Head Cold, as well as for such other troubles as Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, Wheezing, Difficult Breathing, Tonsilitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Catarrhal Deafness, Laryngitis, Consumption, Hay Fever, Throat troubles, including, in fact, all respiratory troubles, and the price of the complete Hyomei Outfit, to place it within the reach of all, is 2s. 6d. complete.

A copy of the Booklet giving the account of Mr. Booth's discovery will be sent free to all who send for it, but all sufferers are advised to lose no time, but post at once coupon below, with P.O. or stamps for a complete Hyomei Outfit, seeing that delay in starting to cure such troubles is dangerous.

.....

To Mr. R. T. Booth, 324, Roycroft House,
96, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

I enclose herewith 2s. 6d. (to be refunded in full if I write you that the Hyomei Treatment has done me no good), for which you will please send me a complete Hyomei Pocket Outfit, together with full directions for the application of the Hyomei Treatment.

Name.....
(Write very plainly, stating if Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

Address.....

.....

IMPORTANT NOTE:

You are invited to write a separate letter to me, giving me full particulars of your trouble, and I will endeavour to send you a letter of special advice and guidance of how you may get rid of same.

(Signed) R. T. BOOTH.

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Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," and other literature which is a clear explanation of how the above sums were made.

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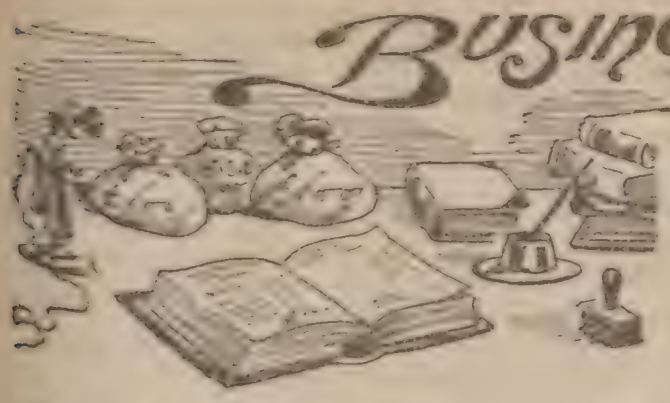

DEPENDING UPON OTHER PEOPLE.

No man can build up a large business without the assistance of other people, but it is one thing to select and instruct employees, and quite a different matter to depend in any way upon other people when you are still not very far from the bottom of the ladder.

To be self-dependent is one of the greatest secrets of business success.

This may seem an obvious sort of fact, but it is one that a large number of men have not yet learned, as I can show by some of the correspondence which I have received in connection with this column.

It is no unusual thing for me to get a letter from a man of twenty-five or over, saying that he is a clerk earning a very bare living, and asking me what profession he ought to take up to better himself.

I am afraid that a man like that would never go very far in any profession, for one of the first instincts of the man with initiative is to decide his own profession.

How can I, or anyone else, possibly advise a man which profession to adopt when I have no knowledge as to his inclinations, ability, or training?

If I found myself in a position that was not sufficiently remunerative, I should commune with myself as to what other profession I should like to take up, and I should then make various inquiries as to whether I should have to waste a great deal of time in learning this new profession, and as to whether the prospects in it were good and likely to remain so.

In coming to this decision, I should not consult books, for even the most recent and well-written books on the subject of prospects in the various trades or professions may become out of date in a comparatively short time, as the prospects in each career depend very largely upon the supply and demand, which are constantly changing.

I should seek the advice of men actually following the particular calling which I desired to enter, and I should not content myself with the opinion of one, but should consult several.

I should, in a word, ascertain the facts for myself, and not depend upon the facts that someone else may have ascertained some years ago.

I frequently get letters from men complaining bitterly that their influential friends or relatives have not done for them all that they ought to have done. Such a complaint is a sure sign of weakness.

If a man has influential friends, he may reasonably expect them to give him a start, if that is in their power, but that is all that he ought to expect. If they put him on to the bottom rung of the ladder, he must climb the rest of the way by his own efforts.

If he has the necessary amount of energy and ability, he will succeed. If he lacks these qualities, he must fail.

No man who has been dumped into a high position at the outset ever does much good, for he is not really acquainted with the business of which he has become a part.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

"FIRM TO GOOD."

At the time of writing all markets are "firm to good." Even South African mines have bucked up, and, although the sound dividend-payers in this market may be fairly cheap, by far the greater majority of both Kaffirs and Rhodesians are dear, and many shares quoted as high as 10s. are absolutely worthless.

Notwithstanding the advice given in this column for months—to keep out of the South African market—I frequently receive letters, which must be from casual readers, and which I am always pleased to answer, asking whether a certain Kaffir or Rhodesian should be bought, and my reply has invariably been No.

RUBBERS, OILS, AND MINES.

As my regular readers are aware, I have persistently advised speculative investors that the results of the most successful mining proposition can be exceeded by a rubber plantation, and this is amply proved by the dividends recently declared for 1910 on Pataling and Selangor shares—namely, 325 per cent. and 375 per cent. respectively, and the 2s. shares of these concerns stand at over £3 each.

Moreover, these results have not carried the risk every investor must run in mining ventures.

Unfortunately, there are no more chances left in the rubber market for the investor to buy a share at 2s. and to find his capital multiplied by thirty in a few years, besides having received his original outlay back many times in dividend, but there are still a few cheap shares to be had, and the oil share market also gives promise of large profits to the investor, both by way of dividend and appreciation of capital.

Of course, the investor must use discrimination, as there are "black sheep" in the oil and rubber markets as well as in the South African.

INDUSTRIALS.

Another market that appeals to the financial student in preference to mines, is the industrial, where in many cases prices of preference shares are so low that the actual dividend result is in some instances as much as 12½ per cent. on the outlay, and, as the general trade of the "Old Country" is so good and promising, there is every prospect of increased capital value through appreciation in price.

COMING RISES.

Personally, I am extremely "bullish," and, although prices of shares without merit, even in South Africa, will rise in booming times, such as I anticipate, still every investor should be careful to buy shares with merit, as the rise is certain and the risk is very small; whereas the price of shares without merit may be sent up by "rigging" the market, but the chances are greater of a fall in price to their proper intrinsic worth.

The Indian Loan has been a great success—as it would be in these "piping" times for good securities—and the gilt-edged market has firmed up generally in consequence, with Consuls at 81 5-8.

The Home Railway market is firm, with Metropolitans and Districts booming, and at 30 the latter are cheap, and good for a five or even ten point rise.

MEXICANS.

The Mexican rebellion is gradually simmering down, and the Mexican concerns which I have frequently recommended in these columns are good for substantial improvement, especially Mexican Railway stocks.

The Mexican Eagle Oil Company must be earning from its gusher alone enough to pay cent. per cent. on its capital.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"PLACIDUS" (Dublin).—I have consigned the literature you sent to the waste-paper basket, and advise you to do the same in future.

J. F. (Kilmarnock).—Sorry I cannot help you. Old rubber ought to fetch as good a price in Glasgow as in London. Try another firm.

P. A. (Liverpool).—Address posted as requested. Hold all your shares; you will get better prices very shortly.

"KLRAC" (Southport).—As wired you yesterday, I do not see any hope of a speedy improvement; but, as there is practically no market, the only thing for you to do is to wait for developments.

"JACK" (Chepstow).—Your savings would be quite safe if deposited with Farrow's Bank, No. 1, Cheapside, London, E.C.

"READER" (Bristol).—Average No. 7, sell Nos. 2 and 5, hold the remainder.

S. T. W. (Newquay).—Take your profit and invest the proceeds in sound Oil shares.

R. D. (Aberdeen).—The firm you name is one of the worst bucket-shops in London. Have nothing to do with them. It may interest you to know that the Editor has, on my advice, refused their advertisements, although they have offered tempting prices for space.

"TESTY" (Dublin).—Have a little patience and you will come out all right.

R. M. (Watchet).—I see no reason for selling unless you are needing the money for other purposes. The mid-April account is a long one—namely, nineteen days.

"YANKEE" (Bexley).—All options must be declared by 2.45 p.m. on the day before Contango day, unless this happens to be a Saturday, when the time is 12.45 p.m.

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A COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

RICHARD SELBY'S GRUELLING

By ADAM STERN.

The Reverend John Ellis, M.A., Vicar of St. John's Church, Moulden, and President of the Moulden Athletic Club, rang up Richard Selby one afternoon to ask him, if he were not busy, whether he would look in at the club for a few minutes during the evening.

"Willingly," said Richard in reply. "What time?"

"Oh, any time you like between half-past eight and ten. I want to show you the programme we have provisionally drawn up for the annual display on the 25th, and to get your opinion on it. Possibly you may have one or two suggestions to make."

Richard had been the original founder of the club, and its earlier President, but under circumstances, which have already been narrated, the post of honour had been ceded to Ellis, who had filled it with a zeal and efficiency no less noteworthy than those of his predecessor.

There were few men in Moulden for whom Richard had better liking than this thin, enthusiastic, hard-working young clergyman, and none for whom he had greater respect.

"Only too glad to give you what assistance I can," he responded, cheerfully. "I'll drop in about nine o'clock. Good-bye."

When he arrived he found the Reverend Ellis in the gymnasium, interestedly watching a bout of ju-jitsu wrestling, and with him were two friends, one of whom was a stranger to Richard.

"You know Mr. Selby?" said Ellis, after a handshake, turning to his two companions.

"*Rather!*" said Jack Warburton, the son of a neighbouring ironmaster, and one who spent the whole of his life enjoying himself, to the detriment of his doting parents' peace of mind and the benefit of sundry not always irreproachable "sportsmen." "Like to know who doesn't."

"What brings you here?" said Richard, returning the hearty grip.

"A member, bless you! I've been getting a damn sight too flabby lately. Too much beer and not enough work is what's the matter with me. Ask him"—with a familiar head-jerk towards Ellis. "He's always telling me as much, so it's bound to be right!"

"Nothing like speaking the truth," said Richard, as he transferred his gaze to the silent stranger.

"Oh, you don't know each other! Albert Harvey, a friend of mine from London, and staying with me just now. A good boy when he's asleep. Bert, this is Richard Selby, the chap I was telling you about."

They shook hands.

The stranger was a refined, rather boyish-looking, but well-built young man, with steel-coloured eyes half hidden by drowsy lids, and a general air of listless indifference.

"Glad to meet you," he murmured.

"First visit to Moulden?" queried Richard.

"Yes."

The four engaged in casual conversation for a time, then the Reverend John said, turning to Richard:

"About this programme, Selby."

Richard took the paper from him and glanced through it.

"First-rate," he said, handing it back. "I don't see that it could be bettered in any way."

"I fancy it could," rejoined Ellis, with a smile.

"Hear, hear!" endorsed Warburton, vigorously.

Richard glanced at both of them.

"There's a feeling in the club," continued Ellis, "that *you* should do something, Selby. They say the programme won't be complete without it."

"What do they want me to do?"

"Well, Warburton has just been making a suggestion that you should give an exhibition bout of boxing with someone or another."

"I'm agreeable—if you can find me a partner."

"Here's the very man!" said Warburton, with a hand on the shoulder of his friend Harvey.

"Are you a member of the club?" Richard asked Harvey.

"No."

"Well, it would hardly do, I'm afraid."

"The trouble is," interposed the Reverend John, "that no one in the club can give you a decent show. Warburton says his friend is pretty good——"

"He's won prizes," said Warburton.

"And if that is so, and you are fairly evenly matched, we might include such a contest—say six two-minute rounds—and describe it as an exhibition display between Richard Selby (Moulden) and Albert Harvey (London), quite in the approved professional fashion."

"The tit-bit of the evening!" put in Warburton, enthusiastically.

"The way they talk," said Richard, turning to Harvey, "one would think I am a retired champion, or something of the kind. I'm not at all formidable, I assure you. The best that can be said about me is that I'm useful."

"And ditto Harvey," said Warburton.

"Well, can I take it that it is settled?" said the business-like parson, feeling for his fountain-pen.

"So far as I'm concerned," said Richard. "There's one point, however, Warburton. Will your friend be here on the 25th?"

"Yes, he'll be staying over," said Warburton. "Sha'n't you, Bert?"

"I've got nothing to hurry back for," said Harvey, listlessly.

"Right-o," said Richard.

He left them and went to speak to several acquaintances.

Soon after Warburton and Harvey approached him to say good-night.

The latter extended a hand, and, raising sleepy-lidded eyes, said:

"You'll train, I suppose?"

"Too busy," said Richard. "But I'm generally pretty fit. . . . What about yourself?"

"Oh, I'm always in training," returned Harvey, walking away.

"He seems jolly cocksure, don't he?" said Warburton, adding a wink.

"What of?" said Richard.

But Warburton did not wait to reply.

II.

There was a tacit understanding between Richard and Mark Gem, the landlord of the "Hare and Hounds," Moulden, that on every occasion when Richard entered the ring the wizened little ex-pugilist should second him.

They were together in a dressing-room of the club on the night of the 25th, Mark looking on while Richard leisurely changed, while from outside came the sound of applause from the audience in the hall.

"I tell yer," repeated Mark, who was in sweater and trousers and his element. "I tell yer, young Jack Warburton's fooled yer. He's never been near the club, yer say, since that night, and nobody's set eyes on this yer Harvey, either! Here, it only wants a quarter of an hour afore your show comes on, and not a sign of either of 'em! What y' goin' to do if they don't turn up?"

"Fight you," said Richard, casually. "And the Lord have mercy upon you—for it's more than I should!"

"I reckon I could give away the four stone, and smile on it!" retorted the ex-pugilist contentedly.

"But you needn't get alarmed," continued Richard. "I've told you half a dozen times that Warburton has been telephoned to and promised to be here in good time. His pal's changing up there, and they're running down in a closed motor-car."

"Yes, they said that an hour ago; but why ain't they here?"

"How do I know, you anxious old sinner? Shut up a bit!"

He got into his shoes, and Mark passed an expert hand down his arm.

"You're a bit over-muscular, Dick," said he. "You'll find yourself goin' slow if the pace is put on."

"I haven't touched the gloves for months," admitted Richard.

"You'll be all right though," said Mark, from his unbounded confidence in Richard's prowess. "I only hopes as this yer Harvey can stand up to yer."

Just then there was a rap on the door, and the Reverend John Ellis came in.

"Warburton has just come," he said.

"Good," said Richard. "Harvey with him?"

"Oh, yes. Are you ready?"

"Quite, when you are."

Several young men in gymnasium costume crowded in, and for a minute or two there was talk and confusion.

Mark went into the hall to see that the ring was in order.

He returned almost immediately in a condition of jerky excitement.

Pushing through to Richard, he dragged him aside and began to whisper furiously in his ear.

"It's a damned plant!" he said, loud enough for all to hear.

"What is?" asked someone.

"Nothing," rejoined Richard instantly. "All right, you chaps, clear out. I want to talk to Mark a minute."

Ellis had already gone.

There was a brief interval while the room emptied. Then Richard said:

"Sure you haven't made a mistake, Mark?"

"Mistake!" echoed Mark. "I tell yer it's A. J. B. Harvey, th' amachoor middle-weight champion of England!"

"Well, what if he is?" said Richard.

"What if he is! D'yer want to get bashed all over the ring and made to look a fool afore all Moulden?"

"It's only an exhibition bout," said Richard.

"So it will be. An exhibition o' *you!* They've worked this nice. Comin' at the last minit, and keepin' out o' the way meantime. What y' goin' to do about it?"

"Go on, of course," said Richard. "What else is there to do? I feel rather complimented, as a matter of fact."

"You'll tell th' audience first, o' course?"

"Why should I? It would look like an apology for probable defeat in advance. And, after all, it may be only a joke of Warburton's."

"You'll get hurt, yer know, if he lets himself go."

"What of that?" said Richard. "Mark, are you scared?"

"No, I ain't," said Mark stubbornly.

u ain't either. But I don't like to see yer ythin' but top-dog, Dick."

Well, a bit of the under-dog won't hurt me for nce in a way," said Richard.

His smile made Mark gaze at him in puzzle- Then, suddenly, the little ex-pugilist's face ed into a grin.

"Goin' to try and baste *'im?*" whispered Mark ultantly.

"If he tries it on with me," said Richard. rainly."

* * * * * * *

ey were in the ring, watching each other from their separate corners as they waited for the gong.

Both looked unconcerned. It was to be a friendly display of skill, so the audience understood, and there was nothing in the demeanour of either to suggest otherwise.

Six two-minute rounds, said the programme.

The mood of the lookers-on was one of pleasurable anticipation, not in the least intermixed with excitement.

The gong banged.

pulled the chairs through the ropes.

Selby and Harvey, advancing lightly, touched gloves as they passed. For half a minute they sparred.

Then Richard feinted, and shot in a rapid left. Harvey blocked the blow easily, countered, tempted Richard to half a dozen rights and lefts with a faulty guard, and then leaped to sudden life with a succession of short, half-arm jabs.

Richard knew already that Mark had made no mistake.

They circled round each other, stepped in simultaneously, and fought, clinched but for a moment and retreated.

Then again came that lightning battery of Harvey's jabs, all on Richard's chest and ribs, and not one

The power behind the blows was terrific.

A stir of interest from the audience was perceptible.

Harvey moved lightly round, cool almost to paleness, his eyes half-shut, steel gleaming through them.

Richard followed him up with countenance unchanged, taking the intermittent punishment as it came, and wondering how the devil he could get through that elusive guard and at him.

In his corner Mark's solitary advice was: "Watch 'is in-fighting!" He also said: "You're doin' lovely, Dick."

But this was for the benefit of those within hearing.

The second and third rounds saw Richard boxing tamely and looking like a novice.

Harvey made of him a hitting-block, and it was fortunate for Richard that his body was as tough almost as the iron at which he worked. But he knew his own stamina, and was waiting only for Harvey to take things a trifle too easily.

His opportunity came at the opening of the next, the fourth, round.

Harvey deliberately strolled away from him, turned half insolently expectant, and received a crash on the ear which might have been delivered by a sledge-hammer.

He staggered away, covering cleverly the bombardment of blows that followed.

For the first time there was a clinch to save.

"Glad to meet you, A. J. B.," said Richard in the clinch; and Harvey upper-cut him neatly and then smiled to show that he reciprocated the pleasure.

After that he set to work to make Richard remember the occasion.

It was at in-fighting that he was so deadly, and Richard came out of a mêlée with distressed breath, and a hard bright light in his eyes.

"He'll never knock yer out if yer keep the 'mark' covered," whispered Richard's second, fanning the towel vigorously.

Richard said nothing. He was breathing hard, and his face was set.

He was first out of his chair, and first across the ring.

He drove Harvey into a corner.

For a few fierce moments it seemed that the contest was to end there and then. He beat down the champion's guard, and it was slog, slog, slog—the strongest to win.

But even as hope quickened Richard's heart to gladness, Harvey was under his arm, and away.

Then began the mowing down of Richard.

He was on the boards when the gong sounded to save him, and the house was in an uproar.

Mark, in the minute's interval, looked serious and tight-lipped.

"Dick, *don't* get put out!" was his final entreating whisper.

It was Richard in a corner this time, fighting with arms of lead, opposite to him a cool, sleepy-lidded machine, which moved as it seemed in a mist, shocks following each movement, and a sea of yellow light encircling the haze.

He did not hear a sound, but the house was yelling.

His one grim determination was to last out.

A. J. B. Harvey, amateur middle-weight champion of England, walked to his corner; Richard stood swaying till he felt a hand on his arm; then he laughed and was guided to his chair.

* * * * * * *

"Only a lark, I solemnly assure you," said Jack Warburton, in the dressing-room afterwards. "He was up here with me—and talk was big about you—and I was curious to see how you would stand up against a first-class man."

"A damn good gruelling does no man any harm," said Richard.

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—EDITOR.]

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The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

COLOURED DRESS WAISTCOATS.

The need for a little colour in men's sombre evening attire has frequently been remarked upon, and a few years ago there seemed some hope that we were to have it.

Dress waistcoats of various tints—chiefly pale grey, blue and buff—were generally worn, and the change, to my mind at least, was a step in the right direction.

It did not last long, however, and we soon returned to the old alternatives of black and white.

This season, I am glad to note, there seem to be some signs of a revival of the tinted evening dress waistcoat.

I have observed these being worn especially in London theatres, and most of the leading outfitters' windows contain one or two specimens.

The colour, however, seems now to be practically restricted to dove grey.

These waistcoats are, of course, only suitable for wear with a dress-coat and a white tie. They look sadly out of place when worn with a dinner-jacket and a black tie.

The same holds good of the ordinary white waistcoat, although it is astonishing how many men persist in wearing a white waistcoat with a dinner-jacket.

When wearing this informal garment your collar and shirt should be the only white parts of your attire.

When you are wearing a tail-coat your tie must be white, and your waistcoat *may* be.

ENLARGED BUTTONHOLES.

Long before an overcoat gets worn out, its various fittings begin to show signs of hard usage, and particularly the two buttonholes at the top, for the coat at this point is frequently buttoned and unbuttoned when you grope for your handkerchief or your cigarette case.

The result is that these buttonholes become enlarged so much that the buttons keep slipping out of them when you do not desire them to do so.

The cure is very simple, and one that any handy man ought to be able to carry out for himself.

Just sew up the back-end of the buttonhole, making the opening smaller, but still allowing plenty of room for the button to be inserted. This will stop the button from slipping out when you do not mean it to.

A pin can often be used to reduce the size of the buttonhole temporarily.

FROCK AND MORNING COATS.

A reader asks me to let him know through these columns "the correct style for frock- and morning-coat suits." In his part of the world, he observes, the frock-coat is rarely worn except at funerals.

I cannot help feeling that the natives of that locality have put the frock-coat in its proper place. It is essentially a funereal and ultra-respectable garment, and is best avoided by every man under forty though it is still the regulation full-dress for civilians when Royalty is present.

Even at weddings, which are coupled in the minds of most people with funerals, it has been discarded.

As regards the correct style, there have been few developments of late years. The frock-coat is now cut with a waist and a full skirt, and the lapels are silk-faced, though the silk does not extend to the edge of them.

Morning-coats are cut on the same lines, though of course, without silk facings, but the latest style has the lapels rolled low and only one button in front.

The braid binding is still fashionable, and the material must be either black or grey, even a comparatively light grey being now often worn.

The tails of the morning-coat are now cut much more square than they used to be, and fall to just above the back of the knee.

Outside pockets are still worn at the sides, but unless the coat is used for everyday wear, when a number of pockets are necessary, these are best avoided for the coat looks much smarter without them.

With both frock- and morning-coat suits cashmere trousers of any quiet pattern may be worn, but these should on no account be pressed turned up.

CLOTHES IN THE GARDEN.

Of course, the ideal suit for a man to wear in a garden is an old suit of flannels, which he need not be careful about, and in which he can loll at his ease on the lawn, for a grass stain more or less will not matter; but that ideal suit demands ideal summer weather, and it will be some time before we have that.

What concerns a man chiefly at the present time is the best sort of clothes to wear when working in the garden, for at this season of the year one does not visit the garden very much except to work.

That the clothes shall be old is essential, for, no matter how careful you may be, you are sure to get the trousers marked with earth, and the jacket torn in small places by thorns.

If you are going to do heavy work, such as digging, you will, of course, take your jacket off, possibly your waistcoat as well, and, necessarily, you will wear a shirt fitted with wrist-bands and not with cuffs. A soft collar is also a great comfort if you are likely to sweat.

Trousers are not very comfortable if you have much bending to do, breeches and gaiters are better.

If your garden is of heavy clay soil, of the type that sticks to your boots whenever you touch it, an excellent tip is to buy a pair of ordinary goloshes, big enough to fit over your boots. On returning to the house you can remove your goloshes at the back door and leave them outside. This will save you much scraping and cleaning.

BEING PREPARED.

I have mentioned more than once on this page the advisability of keeping an outfit handy for temporary repairs, for a stitch in time may save a suit.

But you cannot carry a complete repair outfit about with you, and buttons do not obligingly come off when it is at hand.

It is astonishing how few men can produce a pin when it is required, yet it often comes in very handy to have one on you.

It is so easy to stick a few into the back of one of the points of your waistcoat—taking care that their own points are protected—or behind the lapels of your jacket, and to replace them when necessary.

Personally, I always carry not only several ordinary pins, both black and white, but a safety pin of each variety.

They often come in useful, not only for temporarily repairing damage to my clothes and concealing a gap which a lost button would have made painfully obvious, but for various odd purposes, such as pinning papers together, and so on.

As a matter of fact, however, I find that they are used up chiefly by friends who have neglected to take this little precaution.

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MATCHBOXES.

Silver matchboxes for holding vestas are very inconvenient, because the rough part on which you strike the match becomes in time clogged up, and you have to try several times before you get a match to light on it.

Hence many men have given up carrying silver matchboxes, and have taken instead to the ordinary safety match encased in a common wooden box.

Matches of this sort are much handier, for they strike the first time of asking; but there are some men who feel that to carry a plain wooden box in their pocket looks rather out of place, and I know some men who keep a silver safety box to use when in company, and a wooden box to use for convenience when they are alone.

It is now possible to obtain very attractive silver cases into which the box of safety matches can be fitted. These cases are made in such a way that the strip of brown composition on which the matches are to be struck is left exposed, and this strip is, of course, replaced every time you refill the case.

These silver cases are much like those which have been familiar to us for many years, and which have the words "bath-room," "hall," etc., inscribed upon them on a luminous background.

As the "Daily Mail" says of its standard bread, this type of case is neither a patented nor a proprietary article, and various types of it can be had from tobacconists and jewellers anywhere.

THE QUESTION OF CUFFS.

Unstarched cuffs for ordinary day-shirts have won a deserved popularity, for they are both more comfortable and more economical than the starched variety.

But when buying a soft shirt it is most important to look to the length of the sleeves, for nothing is more annoying or untidy looking than unstarched cuffs which protrude further than they should over the wrists.

They are not so easily kept up as starched cuffs, which press against the coat sleeve inside, and in some shirts of a pale colour they are apt to look rather like dirty white cuffs which have lost all their starch and become crumpled.

In this connection it is worth while noting the advisability of getting either a white shirt or one of a fairly pronounced colour, if the cuffs and front are unstarched. One often sees cream-coloured shirts or shirts of a pale mauve or pink (which after washing become paler still, it must be remembered) and these often look after a very little wear as if they were white once but had not recently paid a visit to the laundry.

A BOOT-BLACKING HINT.

A great many men polish their boots themselves; for the pride they take in their immaculately shining footgear demands that this office should be self-performed. And here, by the way, is a hint that may be acceptable to a good many men. If you want to make ordinary black leather boots look like patent leathers, rub blacking on the uppers, but do not polish them. Then black the goloshes and polish them as brightly as you can with a velvet pad.

The contrast between the dull upper and the shining golosh will give quite a pleasing effect.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

R. M. (Glasgow) recommends the business of life insurance as a very good one for any man between the ages of twenty-one and thirty who may find himself thrown out of employment.

T. R. W. (Southampton).—Don't start a straw hat just yet.

W. P. (Belfast).—We do not advise you to become a black-and-white artist nor a poster designer, unless you have special ability.

S. A. (Nottingham).—The idea, prevalent in many quarters, that bulldogs are bad-tempered is quite unfounded. They are very gentle and playful. It is, however, difficult to keep them in good health, as they are not usually strong dogs constitutionally.

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W. SCOTT, 22, Donaghadee Road, Bangor, Co. Down, desires to correspond with readers in St. Louis, U.S.A.

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D. C. (Sunderland).—When we send a reply by post we do not repeat it in this column.

S. N. B. (Reading).—Write to the editor of one of the Sunday newspapers. They specialise in criminal history.

H. S. (Sheffield).—We are proud to number you as one of the League.

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W. R. H. (Sheerness).—It is very kind of you to offer to give your back numbers of THE MODERN MAN to some new reader. If we inserted your address you would have hundreds of applications, and all but one of those who wrote to you would be disappointed. Take the old copies with you; they will bring back a breath of old England when you are in the far-away Colony to which you are going. Good luck to you!

C. R. (Warrington).—An article on that has never appeared in this paper—and never will.

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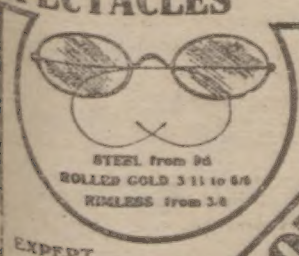

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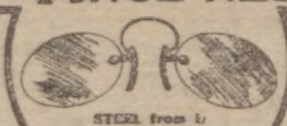

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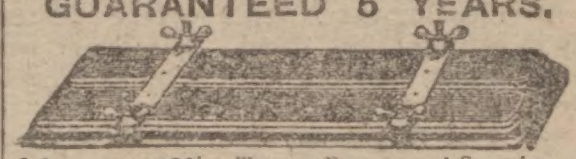

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A MORNING AFTER WILD-FOWL

BY THE EDGE OF THE LAKE AT DAWN.

Disappointing results do not always imply a lack of pleasure in obtaining them, and I should be very loath to suggest that I do not look back with keen enjoyment to the mild winter's morning of which I write.

That it was mild had much to do with our lack of marked success, and, moreover, the country for many miles around held acres of flooded pasture and meadow. Altogether, the conditions were most unpropitious as regards duck; not half the usual number were about, and those that had arrived found so many and varied feeding and resting places that it was idle to expect them to visit one in any considerable numbers.

The lake of which I am about to write lay in the Eastern Counties, and it was some thirty acres in extent. Below it lay another, somewhat smaller. Here in the springtime may mallard come to rest, but their ducklings are all devoured by voracious pike; in the winter the lake is often visited by all kinds of fowl, especially in hard weather, and I have seen it appear to be literally covered with duck.

DISAPPOINTING SPORT.

This year, for the reason mentioned above, to which must be added the disturbing effect of three days covert-shooting close at hand, there were very few ducks to be seen.

We rose, three of us, somewhere about six o'clock in the morning, and after an ample breakfast, set out in the dark for our places. My two companions rowed to a couple of islands on the upper lake, while I made off to the lower one on a cycle. After leaving the latter I had the greatest difficulty in getting to my stand. The water was out everywhere at the edge of the lake, and it was only after getting my knee-boots soaked through that I was able to get anywhere near where I wanted.

Further progress being impossible because of the depth of the water, I was obliged to stop some sixty yards short of the place I had in mind.

I had not been waiting long before the ducks began to flit about in the gloom, and to my disappointment I could hear them dropping in at the spot I had tried to get to. They came chiefly on my left hand, and dropped before they came in shot. I could hear them quacking as it seemed in derision.

MY OWN RETRIEVER.

However, at last a mallard drake came along on the right by himself, and was promptly dropped stone-dead.

The shot put up the other ducks, which went off to the upper lake, and soon afterwards I heard them saluted. Almost immediately three gadwall shot past me, and I killed with the right barrel, only to miss disgracefully with my left.

By this time the keeper and his dog should have arrived, but he was nowhere to be seen, and to my dismay the last bird I had shot began to float off on the stream that ran through the lake to a cascade at its end. Not wishing to lose it, I made off to a bridge over the end of the lake some way off. I was at great pains to reach it through the floods, but at last I got there in time to retrieve my duck and also the first bird, which had remained in the still water opposite my stand.

I had now lost all chance of any more flighting shots, and it was broad daylight, so I attempted to stalk a little bunch of mallard and a big lot of tufted ducks which I had seen drop in the water. In neither case did I succeed in getting a shot, but a pigeon flew accommodatingly within range to console me, and paid the penalty.

My companion guns had had very little shooting, and I now set out to rejoin them. I found them just coming back in the boat, and they had made good use of their few opportunities, for they had two tufted duck, two mallard, and a gadwall between them. Altogether we had collected seven duck and a pigeon, and though we had hoped for a great many more we agreed that the warmth of bed had not been sacrificed for nothing.

The fascination of the flighting hour at dawn or dusk, when Nature is waking or getting ready for bed, is very enthralling to the wild-fowler, and I for one have often been content just to stand and listen to all the varied sounds of wild life, although no opportunity has been offered of using the gun.

Alan R. Haig-Brown.

A BUSINESS BOOK.

We should strongly advise all readers to take advantage, without delay, of a special offer now made to all readers of The Modern Man. By sending a postcard, mentioning this paper, to The Caxton Publishing Co., 52a, Surrey Street, you can obtain a free copy of a valuable work on "How to Succeed in Business."

The book is in itself of considerable value to anyone engaged in business, and it tells all about the "Business Encyclopædia," which is probably the most valuable work that any business man could have.

THE MODERN MAN CIGARETTES.

The demand for The Modern Man Cigarettes and Tobacco has been so great that arrangements have now been made with various tobacconists throughout the country to supply them direct to their customers.

These Cigarettes and Tobacco are the finest that can be produced. They are manufactured by Messrs. Bewlay, 90, Strand, London, and are sold at all their branches. They are also obtainable from the following tobacconists:

A. G. Mace, 3, Clarence Street, Albert Square, Manchester; Geo. Mould, The Clock House, Carshalton; Newnham Bros., Horeham Road, Sussex; F. H. Marshall, 10, Francis Street, Tottenham Court Road, London; Hills Bros., Wilton Road, Victoria; Kingdon Bros., 27, Change Alley, Sheffield; Garratt, 200, Above Bar, Southampton; Robert Bruce, Ltd., 81, New Street, Birmingham; E. J. Purnell, 3, Somerset Street, Abertillery, Mon.; Messrs. Finlay and Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, at all their branches.

FRIENDS OF YOURS.

The following is a further list of London members of The Modern Man League. A form of application, which may be used by readers who have not already joined, appears on another page.

Members are requested to let us know at once of any change of address or any error in this list, which will be rectified in a supplementary list, containing also the names and addresses of newly-joined members.

LONDON *(continued).*

Barnsbury.
J. CORSHAM, 106, Lofting Road.
H. A. FINDEN, 2, Denmark Street.
P. A. EDWARDS, 24, Barnsbury Grove.
J. HICKS, 31, Richard Street, Liverpool Road.
E. J. RICHFORD, 47, Barnsbury Street.

Battersea.
E. W. CHECKLEY, 20, Battersea Park Road.
I. JOHNSON, 10, Stewart's Lane West.
T. PLUME, 95, Winstanley Road.
G. A. SAVORY, 19, Newland Terrace, Queen's Road.
J. H. SHILLINGFORD, 123, High Street.
C. L. SOLE, 1, Ingelow Road.
A. E. STREET, 97, Castle Street.

Bayswater.
A. G. ELSEY, 5, Porchester Road.
W. HAY, 47, Talbot Road.
M. R. MEETENS, 31, Cornwall Road.
A. R. STANSFIELD, 21, St. Stephen's Square.
H. B. WOODMAN, 144, Queen's Road.

Beckton.
G. W. BADSEY, 96, Winsor Terrace.

Bedford Park.
F. H. SNOW, 78, Spekthurst Road.

Belgravia.
F. S. W. BAKER, 85, Grosvenor Road.

Bermondsey.
J. BURTON, 22, Tranton Road.
W. H. SMITH, 198, George Road.
S. WAITSON, 4, Tranton Road.

Bethnal Green.
H. BRYANT, 43, Barnsley Street.
G. C. STRADLING, 21, Florida Street.
W. SHEFFIELD, 65, Russia Lane.

Blackheath.
C. MELVIN, 70, Westcombe Hill.
H. H. PERRETT, 23, Lyveden Road, Charlton Road.
J. RICHARDS, 32, Couthurst Road, Charlton Road.

Bow.
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J. T. DETTMAR, 29, Shepperd Street.
V. W. HILLARY, 40, Strahan Road, Grove Road.
J. C. ROBINSON, 2a, South Grove.

Bowes Park.
R. H. ABBOTT, 23, Parkhurst Road.
F. YOUNG, 26, Fletton Road.

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A. C. FREEMAN, 198, Ferndale Road.
F. HADLEY, 30, Barrington Road.
W. HUGHES, 450, Brixton Road.
G. MERRYFIELD, 37, Vassall Road.

Brixton Hill.
H. W. ALLETT, 309, Lyham Road.
E. L. BRIDGER, 16, Elm Park.
G. H. HATHAWAY, 90, Brixton Hill.
A. NEILL, 33, Sudbourne Road.
J. PATON, 51, Horsford Road.
C. F. PEARCE, 42, Elm Park.

Brockley.
G. H. BISHOP, 50, Brockley Road.
L. J. BLAKE, 14, Vesta Road.
H. E. GIBBINS, 29, Harefield Road.
W. A. HAINES, 17, Brockley Road.
A. G. JENKINS, 212, Malpas Road.
A. G. JONES, 31, Malpas Road.
W. A. REYNOLDS, 99, Howson Road.

Bromley-by-Bow.
A. C. GREEN, 57, Bruce Road.

Bromley Common.
A. KENNER, 22, Chatterton Road.

Broadesbury.
F. H. E. SCHNECK, 239, Willesden Lane.

Brook Green.
H. BENNETT, 62, Sterndale Road.

Camberwell.
W. G. ARTHUR, 4, Champion Grove.
F. C. BIRD, 87, Beresford Street.
B. BLENCOWE, 61, Councillor Street.
H. GOATCHER, 20, Penford Street.
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G. C. HUGHES, 26, Credon Road.
R. B. SANDELL, 46, Flaxman Road.
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G. STOCK, 28, Rochester Square, Camden Road.

Canning Town.
H. E. BROOKES, 50, Brent Road.
W. G. GOBLE, 88, Pretoria Road.
J. W. HUGHES, 42, Alexandra Street, Barking Road.
W. H. STEPHENS, 75, South Molton Road, Fords Park.

(To be continued.)

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All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

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19S. 6D—Gent's £5 5s. solid silver real English hall-marked Lever Watch, examined by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London, high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring, timed to a few seconds a month, ten years' written warranty; also, gent.'s solid silver English hall-marked massive curb Albert, with silver compass attached; three together, sacrifice 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers,

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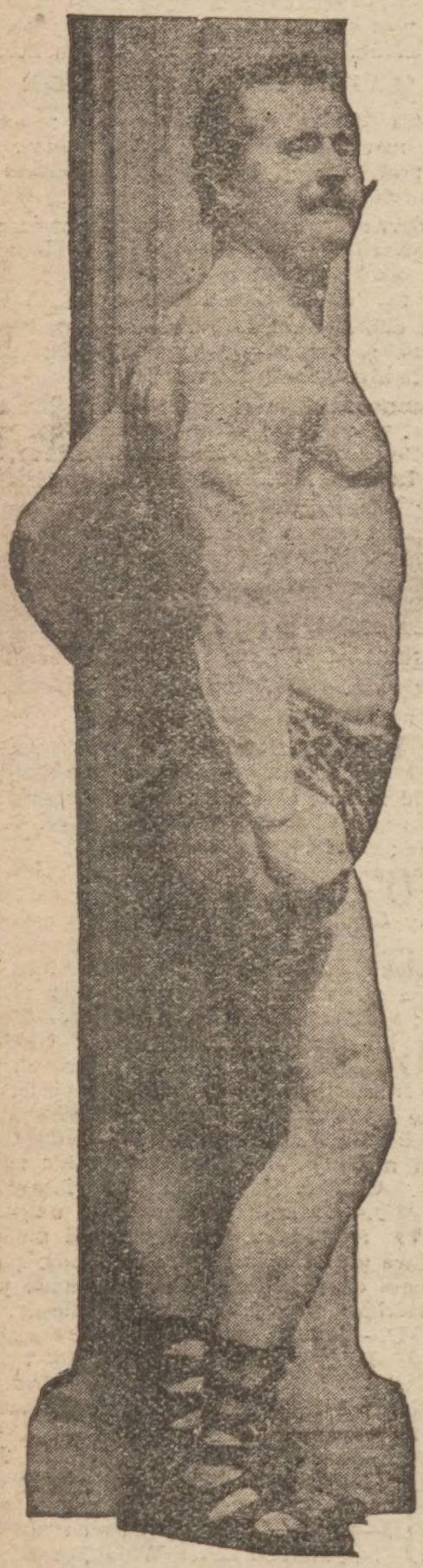
GRAND NEW COMPETITION.

£100 IN CASH PRIZES.

IN WHICH YOUNG, MIDDLE AGED, AND OLD HAVE EQUAL CHANCE.



MR. EUGEN SANDOW.

This is a photograph showing the beautiful physical development of one who has done more than any other man to encourage others to emulate his example in securing perfect health and strength.

A pair of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells to be sent

FOR FREE TRIAL

and carriage paid at once to every reader of THE MODERN MAN who desires to enter this simple competition.

The Sandow Grip Dumb-Bells, which will be sent immediately to every reader who applies, may be used freely for seven days, and there is no obligation at all to purchase, nor is there any charge whatever.

THIS AMAZING OFFER

gives every one of the readers of THE MODERN MAN the opportunity to prove for themselves, without a penny of cost, how delightful and valuable this great new Competition for £100 in cash prizes really is. At the same time, every reader of THE MODERN MAN will learn entirely at our expense how easy it is by the means of this wonderful scientific invention of Mr. Eugen Sandow, the greatest health explorer in the world, to secure perfect health and prevent such ailments as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaints, Insomnia, &c., and also improve his or her physique; to increase the strength of any or all the limbs and organs of the body; to render the carriage graceful and distinguished and acquire that appearance and bearing which commands success in society, in business—in fact, in all the affairs of life.

Any reader can enter; the conditions are such that every boy, youth, young man, middle-aged man or woman, and even old men and women have equal chance of winning.

It is the natural desire of every intelligent boy, youth, young man, and young woman, to improve the physique and enhance their appearance, health, and general well being. This amazing offer of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells and Generous Prize Competition provides a wonderful opportunity and inducement to do all these things.

The middle-aged man and woman must keep healthy, strong, and vigorous, and must prevent the encroachment of the hundred and one ailments of middle life. This offer and Competition will introduce to them the most perfect form of health exercise with monetary reward thrown in. The elderly must set back the clock if they are to enjoy the evening of life. Elderly readers may not only do this by a few minutes a day with Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells, but may also secure the £100 in cash, which would come in so useful.

With every pair will be sent a Booklet of Exercises, showing you in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

The Chart contains one month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-Bells.

To secure the Dumb-Bells on absolutely free trial and full details of the

£100 IN CASH PRIZES

simply send in the Form below. Send no money. Only this form.

FREE TRIAL AND £100 PRIZE COMPETITION FOR READERS.

To Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date ..... 1911.

Gentlemen,—Please send by return for free trial one pair* of your Spring Grip Dumb-Bells (and particulars of the £100 free Competition) at ... ... 12s. 6d. Suitable for age 18 and up.
Youths' ... ... 10s. 6d. 14 to 18.
Ladies' ... ... 10s. 6d. 16 and up.

It is understood that I may either return the Dumb-Bells at the end of seven days without any obligation, or if I decide upon keeping same I will forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as the first payment, and the balance in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. until payment is completed.

Signed.....

Address.....

* **Please cross out sizes not required.**